

THE
WORKS
OF
Alexander Pope, Esq;

Vol. I.

A



T H E
W O R K S
O F

Alexander Pope, Esq;

I N
EIGHT VOLUMES.

WITH HIS LAST
CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,
A N D
I M P R O V E M E N T S.

Together with all his

N O T E S.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by and for MARTIN & WOTHERSPOON.
M.DCC.LXX.

WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq;

IN

EIGHT VOLUMES.

WITH HIS LAST

CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,

AND

A NEW EDITION.

By Thomas Warton, Esq;

IN TWO VOLUMES.

LONDON:

Printed by W. Johnston, in Pall-mall.



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OF

Alexander Pope, Esq;

VOLUME the FIRST.

CONTAINING HIS
JUVENILE POEMS
AND
TRANSLATIONS.

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Alexander Pope, Esq.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

CONTAINING HIS

UNFINISHED POEMS

AND

THE ANSLSA THOMAS

EDINBURGH:



Contents of the FIRST Volume.

PREFACE	9
<i>Recommendatory Poems</i>	19
<i>A Discourse on Pastoral Poetry</i>	37
<i>SPRING, the first Pastoral</i>	45
<i>SUMMER, the second Pastoral</i>	52
<i>AUTUMN, the third Pastoral</i>	57
<i>WINTER, the fourth Pastoral</i>	62
<i>MESSIAH, a Sacred Eclogue, in imitation of Virgil's Pollio</i>	69
<i>WINDSOR-FOREST</i>	79
<i>ODE on St Cecilia's day</i>	99
<i>Two CHORUSES to the Tragedy of Brutus</i>	104
<i>ODE on solitude</i>	107
<i>The dying Christian to his soul, an ODE</i>	108
<i>ESSAY on CRITICISM</i>	113
<i>THE RAPE of the LOCK</i>	145
<i>ELEGY to the memory of an unfortunate lady</i>	181
<i>PROLOGUE to Mr Addison's tragedy of Cato</i>	184
<i>EPILOGUE to Jane Shore</i>	186

TRANSLATIONS.

<i>SAPPHO to PHAON, an epistle from Ovid</i>	191
<i>ELOISA to ABELARD, an epistle</i>	209
<i>THE TEMPLE of FAME</i>	225
<i>JANUARY and MAY, from Chaucer</i>	253
<i>THE WIFE of BATH, from Chaucer</i>	279

Contents of the First Volume

1	1
2	2
3	3
4	4
5	5
6	6
7	7
8	8
9	9
10	10
11	11
12	12
13	13
14	14
15	15
16	16
17	17
18	18
19	19
20	20
21	21
22	22
23	23
24	24
25	25
26	26
27	27
28	28
29	29
30	30
31	31
32	32
33	33
34	34
35	35
36	36
37	37
38	38
39	39
40	40
41	41
42	42
43	43
44	44
45	45
46	46
47	47
48	48
49	49
50	50
51	51
52	52
53	53
54	54
55	55
56	56
57	57
58	58
59	59
60	60
61	61
62	62
63	63
64	64
65	65
66	66
67	67
68	68
69	69
70	70
71	71
72	72
73	73
74	74
75	75
76	76
77	77
78	78
79	79
80	80
81	81
82	82
83	83
84	84
85	85
86	86
87	87
88	88
89	89
90	90
91	91
92	92
93	93
94	94
95	95
96	96
97	97
98	98
99	99
100	100



P R E F A C E.

I AM inclined to think that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy that the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks, as on the one hand no single man is born with a right of controuling the opinions of all the rest; so, on the other, the world has no title to demand that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame, or pleasure, as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man: and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly passed upon Poems. A Critic supposes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have failed in an expression, or erred in any particular point: and can it then be wondered at, if the Poets in general seem resolved not to own themselves in any error? For as long as one side will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgments*.

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both sides is misplaced; Poetry and Criticism being by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there.

Yet sure, upon the whole, a bad Author deserves

* In the former editions it was thus—*For as long as one side despises a well-meant endeavour, the other will not be satisfied with a moderate approbation.*—But the Author altered it, as these words were rather a consequence from the conclusion he would draw, than the conclusion itself, which is now inserted.

better usage than a bad Critic : for a Writer's endeavour, for the most part, is to please his Readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment ; but such a Critic's is to put them out of humour ; a design he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper.

I think a good deal may be said to extenuate the faults of bad Poets. What we call a Genius, is hard to be distinguished by a man himself, from a strong inclination : and if his genius be ever so great, he cannot at first discover it any other way, than by giving way to that prevalent propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. The only method he has, is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others : now, if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no sin in itself) he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wish we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worst authors might, in their endeavour to please us, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them, but for their obstinacy in persisting to write ; and this too may admit of alleviating circumstances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant or insincere ; and the rest of the world in general is too well-bred to shock them with a truth, which generally their Booksellers are the first that inform them of. This happens not till they have spent too much of their time to apply to any profession which might better fit their talents ; and till such talents as they have are so far discredited as to be but of small service to them. For (what is the hardest case imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first steps he makes in the world ; and people will establish their opinion of us, from what we do at that season, when we have least judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good Poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature given up to the ambition of fame, when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope

he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances: for, from the moment he prints, he must expect to hear no more truth than if he were a Prince or a Beauty. If he has not very good sense (and indeed there are twenty men of wit for one man of sense) his living thus in a course of flattery may put him in no small danger of becoming a Coxcomb: if he has, he will consequently have so much diffidence as not to reap any great satisfaction from his praise; since, if it be given to his face, it can scarce be distinguished from flattery; and if in his absence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he sure to be commended by the best and most knowing, he is as sure of being envied by the worst and most ignorant, which are the majority; for it is with a fine Genius as with a fine fashion, all those are displeased at it who are not able to follow it; and it is to be feared that esteem will seldom do any man so much good, as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third class of people, who make the largest part of mankind, those of ordinary or indifferent capacities; and these (to a man) will hate, or suspect him; a hundred honest gentlemen will dread him as a Wit, and a hundred innocent women as a Satyrist. In a word, whatever be his fate in Poetry, it is ten to one but he must give up all the reasonable aims of life for it. There are indeed some advantages accruing from a Genius to Poetry, and they are all I can think of: the agreeable power of self-amusement when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the best company; and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people, without being so severely remarked upon.

I believe, if any one, early in his life, should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would scarce be of their number on any consideration. The life of a Wit is a warfare upon earth; and the present spirit of the learned world is such, that to attempt to serve it (any way) one must have the constancy of a martyr, and a resolution to suffer for its sake. I could wish people would believe, what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much less

concerned about Fame, than I durst declare till this occasion, when, methinks, I should find more credit than I could heretofore; since my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepossessing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as some merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for these Trifles by Prefaces, biassed by recommendation, dazzled with the names of great Patrons, wheedled with fine reasons and pretences, or troubled with excuses. I confess it was want of consideration that made me an author; I writ because it amused me; I corrected because it was as pleasant to me as to write; and I published because I was told I might please such as it was a credit to please. To what degree I have done this, I am really ignorant; I had too much fondness for my productions to judge of them at first, and too much judgment to be pleased with them at last. But I have reason to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deserves to do so: for they have always fallen short not only of what I read of others, but even of my own ideas of Poetry.

If any one should imagine I am not in earnest, I desire him to reflect, that the Ancients (to say the least of them) had as much genius as we: and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They constantly applied themselves not only to that art, but to that single branch of an art to which their talent was most powerfully bent; and it was the business of their lives to correct and finish their works for Posterity. If we can pretend to have used the same industry, let us expect the same immortality: though, if we took the same care, we should still lie under a further misfortune: they writ in languages that became universal and everlasting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmost we can hope is but to be read in one island, and to be thrown aside at the end of one Age.

All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the Ancients: and it will be found true,

that in every age the highest character for sense and learning has been obtained by those who have been most indebted to them. For, to say truth, whatever is very good sense, must have been common sense in all times; and what we call Learning, is but the knowledge of the sense of our predecessors. Therefore they who say our thoughts are not our own, because they resemble the Ancients, may as well say our faces are not our own, because they are like our Fathers: And indeed it is very unreasonable that people should expect us to be Scholars, and yet be angry to find us so.

I fairly confess that I have served myself all I could by reading; that I made use of the judgment of authors dead and living; that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors, both by my friends and enemies: but the true reason these pieces are not more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they and I have to live: One may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together; and what Critic can be so unreasonable, as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement?

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the public is, that I have as great a respect for it, as most authors have for themselves; and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like those Authors who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole Poem, and, *vice versa*, a whole Poem for the sake of some particular lines. I believe no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it must be this (if any thing) that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have published, I can only hope to be pardoned; but for what I have burned, I deserve to be praised. On this account the world is under some obligation to me, and owes me the justice in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in

this collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really so, but to avoid the imputation of so many dull and immoral things as, partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been ascribed to me. I must further acquit myself of the presumption of having lent my name to recommend any Miscellanies, or Works of other men; a thing I never thought becoming a person who has hardly credit enough to answer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain whether to look upon myself as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

If Time shall make it the former, may these Poems, as long as they last, remain as a testimony that their Author never made his talents subservient to the mean and unworthy ends of Party or Self-interest; the gratification of public prejudices or private passions; the flattery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be considered that it is what no man can do without good sense, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more solemn funeral of my remains, I desire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my senses; without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity. I declare I shall think the world in the right, and quietly submit to every truth which Time shall discover to the prejudice of these writings; not so much as wishing so irrational a thing, as that every body should be deceived merely for my credit. However, I desire it may then be considered, that there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five-and-twenty: so that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in Executions) a case of compassion; that I was never so concerned about my works as to vindicate them in print, believing, if any thing was good, it

would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended ; that I used no artifice to raise or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjust praise, insulted no adversary with ill-language ; or when I could not attack a Rival's works, encouraged reports against his Morals. To conclude, if this volume perish, let it serve as a warning to the Critics, not to take too much pains for the future to destroy such things as will die of themselves ; and a *memento mori* to some of my vain coteremporaries the Poets, to teach them that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general.

Nov. 10, 1716.

VARIATIONS in the Author's Manuscript Preface.

AFTER page 15. l. 34. it followed thus—For my part, I confess had I seen things in this view, at first, the public had never been troubled either with my writings, or with this apology for them. I am sensible how difficult it is to speak of one's self with decency ; but when a man must speak of himself, the best way is to speak truth of himself, or, he may depend upon it, others will do it for him. I'll therefore make this preface a general confession of all my thoughts of my own Poetry, resolving with the same freedom to expose myself, as it is in the power of any other to expose them. In the first place, I thank God and Nature that I was born with a love to poetry ; for nothing more conduces to fill up all the intervals of our time, or, if rightly used, to make the whole course of life entertaining: *Cantantes licet usque (minus via ledit.)* 'Tis a vast happiness to possess the pleasures of the head, the only pleasures in which a man is sufficient to himself, and the only part of him which, to his satisfaction, he can employ all day long. The Muses are *amica omnium*

horarum; and, like our gay acquaintance, the best company in the world as long as one expects no real service from them. I confess there was a time when I was in love with myself, and my first productions were the children of self-love upon innocence. I had made an Epic Poem, and Panegyrics on all the Princes in Europe, and thought myself the greatest genius that ever was. I can't but regret those delightful visions of my childhood, which, like the fine colours we see when our eyes are shut, are vanished for ever. Many trials, and sad experience have so undeceived me by degrees, that I am utterly at a loss at what rate to value myself. As for fame, I shall be glad of any I can get, and not repine at any I miss; and as for vanity, I have enough to keep me from hanging myself, or even from wishing those hanged who would take it away. It was this that made me write. The sense of my faults made me correct; besides that it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write.

At p. 17. l. 13. In the first place, I own that I have used my best endeavours to the finishing these pieces. That I made what advantage I could of the judgment of authors dead and living; and that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors by my friends and my enemies. And that I expect no favour on account of my youth, business, want of health, or any such idle excuses. But the true reason why they are not yet more correct is owing to the consideration how short a time they, and I, have to live. A man that can expect but sixty years may be ashamed to employ thirty in measuring syllables, and bringing sense and rhyme together. We spend our youth in pursuit of riches or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are old; and when we are old, we find it too late to enjoy any thing. I therefore hope the Wits will pardon me, if I reserve some of my time to save my soul; and that some wise men will be of my opinion, even if I should think a part of it better spent in the enjoyments of life, than in pleasing the Critics.



On Mr POPE and his POEMS,

BY HIS GRACE

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

WITH Age decay'd, with Courts and bus'ness
tir'd,

Caring for nothing but what Ease requir'd;
Too dully serious for the Muse's sport,
And from the Critics safe arriv'd in Port;
Little thought of launching forth agen, 5
Amidst advent'rous Rovers of the Pen;
And after so much undeserv'd success,
Thus hazarding at last to make it less.

Encomiums suit not this censorious time,
Itself a subject for satiric rhyme; 10
Ignorance honour'd, Wit and Worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and even Homer blam'd!

But to this Genius join'd with so much Art,
Such various Learning mix'd in ev'ry part,
Poets are bound a loud applause to pay; 15
Apollo bids it, and they must obey.

And yet so wonderful, sublime a thing,
As the great ILIAD, scarce could make me sing;
Except I justly could at once commend
A good Companion and as firm a Friend. 20
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed
Can all desert in Sciences exceed.

'Tis great delight to laugh at some men's ways,
But a much greater to give Merit praise.

To Mr POPE, on his PASTORALS.

IN these more dull, as more censorious days,
When few dare give, and fewer merit praise,
A Muse sincere, that never Flatt'ry knew,
Pays what to friendship and desert is due.

Young, yet judicious; in your verse are found
 Art strength'ning Nature, Sense improv'd by Sound.
 Unlike those Wits, whose numbers glide along
 So smooth, no thought e'er interrupts the song :
 Laboriously enervate they appear,
 And write not to the head, but to the ear :
 Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
 And are at best most musically dull :
 So purling streams with even murmurs creep,
 And hush the heavy hearers into sleep.
 As smoothest speech is most deceitful found,
 The smoothest numbers oft are empty sound :
 But Wit and Judgment join at once in you,
 Sprightly as Youth, as Age consummate too :
 Your strains are regularly bold, and please
 With unforc'd care, and unaffected ease,
 With proper thoughts and lively images ;
 Such as by Nature to the Ancients shewn,
 Fancy improves, and judgment makes your own :
 For great mens fashions to be follow'd are,
 Altho' disgraceful 'tis their clothes to wear.
 Some in a polish'd style write Pastoral ;
 Arcadia speaks the language of the Mall.
 Like some fair Shepherdess, the Sylvan Muse
 Should wear those flow'rs her native fields produce
 And the true measure of the shepherd's wit
 Should, like his garb, be for the Country fit :
 Yet must his pure and unaffected thought
 More nicely than the common swain's be wrought
 So, with becoming art, the Players dress
 In silks the shepherd, and the shepherdess ;
 Yet still unchang'd the form and mode remain,
 Shap'd like the homely russet of the swain.
 Your rural Muse appears to justify
 The long lost graces of simplicity :
 So rural beauties captivate our sense
 With virgin charms and native excellence.
 Yet long her Modesty those charms conceal'd,
 'Till by mens envy to the world reveal'd ;
 For Wits industrious to their trouble seem,
 And needs will envy what they must esteem.



Live and enjoy their spite! nor mourn that fate,
 Which would, if Virgil liv'd, on Virgil wait;
 Whose Muse did once, like thine, in plains delight;
 Thine shall, like his, soon take a higher flight:
 So Larks, which first from lowly fields arise, 50
 Mount by degrees, and reach at last the skies.

W. WYCHERLEY.

To Mr POPE, on his WINDSOR-FOREST.

HAIL! sacred Bard! a Muse unknown before
 Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic shore.
 To our dark world thy shining page is shown,
 And Windsor's gay retreat becomes our own.
 The Eastern pomp had just bespoke our care, 5
 And India pour'd her gaudy treasures here:
 A various spoil adorn'd our naked land,
 The pride of Persia glitter'd on our strand,
 And China's Earth was cast on common sand: }
 Toss'd up and down the glossy fragments lay, 10
 And dress'd the rocky shelves, and pav'd the paint-
 ed bay.

Thy treasures next arriv'd: and now we boast
 A nobler cargo on our barren coast:
 From thy luxuriant Forest we receive
 More lasting glories than the East can give. 15
 Where'er we dip in thy delightful page,
 What pompous scenes our busy thoughts engage!
 The pompous scenes in all their pride appear,
 Fresh in the page, as in the grove they were.
 Nor half so true the fair Lodona shows 20
 The sylvan state that on her border grows,
 While she the wond'ring shepherd entertains
 With a new Windsor in her wat'ry plains;
 Thy juster lays the lucid wave surpass,
 The living scene is in the Muse's glass. 25
 No sweeter notes the echoing Forests chear,
 When Philomela sits and warbles there,
 Than when you sing the greens and op'ning glades,
 And give us Harmony as well as Shades:

A Titian's hand might draw the grove, but you 30
Can paint the grove, and add the Music too.

With vast variety thy pages shine;

A new creation starts in ev'ry line.

How sudden trees rise to the reader's sight,

And make a doubtful scene of shade and light, 35

And give at once the day, at once the night!

And here again what sweet confusion reigns,

In dreary deserts mix'd with painted plains!

And see! the deserts cast a pleasing gloom,

And shrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom: 40

Whilst fruitful crops rise by their barren side,

And bearded groves display their annual pride.

Happy the man, who strings his tuneful lyre

Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields inspire!

Thrice happy you! and worthy best to dwell 45

Amidst the rural joys you sing so well.

I in a cold, and in a barren clime,

Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme,

Here on the Western beach attempt to chime. }

O joyless flood! O rough tempestuous main! 50

Border'd with weeds, and solitudes obscene!

Snatch me, ye Gods! from these Atlantic shores,

And shelter me in Windsor's fragrant bow'rs;

Or to my much-lov'd Isis' walk convey,

And on her flow'ry banks for ever lay. 55

Thence let me view the venerable scene,

The awful dome, the groves eternal green:

Where sacred Hough long found his fam'd retreat,

And brought the Muses to the sylvan seat,

Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the Classic store, 60

And made that Music which was noise before.

There with illustrious Bards I spent my days,

Not free from censure, nor unknown to praise,

Enjoy'd the blessings that his reign bestow'd,

Nor envy'd Windsor in the soft abode. 65

The golden minutes smoothly danc'd away,

And tuneful Bards beguil'd the tedious day:

They sang, nor sung in vain, with numbers fir'd

That Maro taught, or Addison inspir'd.

Ev'n I essay'd to touch the trembling string: 70
Who could hear them, and not attempt to sing?

Rous'd from these dreams by thy commanding strain,
I rise and wander thro' the field or plain;

Led by thy Muse, from sport to sport I run,
Mark the stretch'd line, or hear the thund'ring gun.

Ah! how I melt with pity, when I spy 76

On the cold earth the flutt'ring Pheasant ly!

His gaudy robes in dazling lines appear,

And ev'ry feather shines and varies there.

Nor can I pass the gen'rous courser by, 80

But while the prancing steed allures my eye,

He starts, he's gone! and now I see him fly

O'er hills and dales, and now I lose the course,

Nor can the rapid fight pursue the flying horse.

Oh could thy Virgil from his orb look down, 85

He'd view a courser that might match his own!

He'd with the sport, and eager for the chase,

Lodona's murmurs stop me in the race.

Who can refuse Lodona's melting tale?

The soft complaint shall over time prevail; 90

The Tale be told, when shades forsake her shore,

The Nymph be sung, when she can flow no more.

Nor shall thy song, old Thames! forbear to shine,

At once the subject and the song divine.

Peace, sung by thee, shall please ev'n Britons more

Than all their shouts for victory before. 96

Oh! could Britannia imitate the stream,

The world should tremble at her awful name:

From various springs di- versed waters glide,

In diff'rent colours, and a diff'rent tide, 100

Murmur along the crooked banks a while,

At once they murmur, and enrich the isle;

A while dis- sent thro' many channels run,

But meet at last, and sweetly flow in one;

There joy to lose their long distinguish'd names, 105

And make one glorious and immortal Thames.

F R. K N A P.

VOL. I.

C

To Mr POPE.

In imitation of a *Greek* Epigram on HOMER.

WHEN Phœbus and the nine harmonious Maids
Of old assembled in the Thespian shades;
What theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,
Besit these harps to sound, and thee to hear?
Reply'd the God; "Your loftiest notes employ,
"To sing young Peleus, and the fall of Troy."
The wond'rous song with rapture they rehearse;
Then ask who wrought that miracle of verse?
He answer'd with a frown; "I now reveal
"A truth that Envy bids me not conceal:
"Retiring frequent to this laureat vale,
"I warbled to the lyre that fav'rite tale,
"Which, unobserv'd, a wand'ring Greek and blind
"Heard me repeat, and treasur'd in his mind;
"And, fir'd with thirst of more than mortal praise,
"From me, the God of Wit, usurp'd the bays. 10
"But let vain Greece indulge her growing fame,
"Proud with celestial spoils to grace her name;
"Yet when my Arts shall triumph in the West,
"And the white Isle with female power is blest; 10
"Fame, I foresee, will make reprisals there,
"And the Translator's Palm to me transfer.
"With less regret my claim I now decline,
"The world will think his *English Iliad* mine."

E. FENTON.

To Mr POPE.

TO praise, and still with just respect to praise
A bard triumphant in immortal bays,
The Learn'd to show, the Sensible commend,
Yet still preserve the province of the Friend;
What life, what vigour, must the lines require!
What music tune them, what affection fire!

O might thy Genius in my bosom shine!
 Thou should'st not fail of numbers worthy thine;
 The brightest Ancients might at once agree
 To sing within my lays, and sing of thee. 10

Horace himself would own thou dost excell
 In candid arts to play the Critic well.
 Ovid himself might wish to sing the Dame
 Whom Windsor-Forest sees a gliding stream:
 On silver feet, with annual Oser crown'd, 15
 She runs for ever thro' Poetic ground.

How flame the glories of Belinda's hair;
 Made by the Muse the envy of the fair!
 Less shone the tresses Egypt's princes wore,
 Which sweet Callimachus so sung before. 20
 Here courtly trifles set the world at odds;
 Belles war with Beaux, and Whims descend for Gods.
 The new machines, in names of ridicule,
 Mock the grave frenzy of the Chemic fool.

But know, ye Fair, a point conceal'd with art, 25
 The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a woman's heart.
 The Graces stand in sight; a Satire-train
 Peeps o'er their head, and laughs behind the scene.

In Fame's fair Temple, o'er the boldest wits
 Enshrined on high the sacred Virgil sits; 30
 And sits in measures such as Virgil's Muse
 To place thee near him might be fond to chuse.
 How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
 Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he;
 While some old Damon, o'er the vulgar wife, 35
 Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the prize!

Rapt with the thought, my fancy seeks the plains,
 And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains,
 Indulgent nurse of ev'ry tender gale,
 Parent of flowrets, old Arcadia, hail! 40

Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,
 Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head:
 Still slide thy waters, soft among the trees
 Thy aspens quiver in a breathing breeze!
 Smile, all ye vallies, in eternal spring, 45
 Be hush'd, ye winds, while Pope and Virgil sing.

In English lays, and all sublimely great,
 Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat;
 He shines in Council, thunders in the Fight,
 And flames with ev'ry sense of great delight. 59
 Long has that Poet reign'd, and long unknown,
 Like Monarchs sparkling on a distant throne;
 In all the Majesty of Greek retir'd,
 Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd;
 His language failing, wrapt him round with night;
 Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light. 56
 So wealthy mines, that ages long before
 Fed the large realms around with golden Ore,
 When choak'd by sinking banks, no more appear,
 And shepherds only say, *The mines were here*: 60
 Should some rich youth (if Nature warm his heart,
 And all his projects stand inform'd with art)
 Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;
 The mines detected, flame with gold again.

How vast, how copious, are thy new designs! 63
 How ev'ry Music varies in thy lines!
 Still, as I read, I feel my bosom beat,
 And rise in raptures by another's heat.
 Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,
 While Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease, 70
 Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle blest,
 And Philomela sweetest, o'er the rest:
 The shades resound with song—O softly tread,
 While a whole season warbles round my head.

This to my friend—and when a friend inspires,
 My silent harp its master's hand requires, 75
 Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound;
 For Fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground:
 Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
 From wit, from learning—very far from thee. 80
 Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf;
 Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf;
 Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
 Rocks at their sides, and torrents at their feet;
 Or lazy lakes, unconscious of a flood, 85
 Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.

Yet here Content can dwell, and learned Ease,
 A Friend delight me, and an Author please;
 Ex'n here I sing, when POPE supplies the theme,
 Shew my own love, tho' not increase his fame. 90

T. PARNELL.

To Mr POPE.

LET vulgar souls triumphal arches raise,
 Or speaking marbles, to record their praise;
 And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)
 The mimic feature on the breathing stone;
 Mere mortals, subject to death's total sway, 5
 Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!

'Tis thine, on ev'ry heart to grave thy praise,
 A monument which Worth alone can raise:
 Sure to survive, when time shall whelm in dust
 The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust: 10
 Nor till the volumes of th' expanded sky
 Blaze in one flame, shalt thou and Homer die:
 Then sink together in the world's last fires,
 What heav'n created, and what heav'n inspires.

If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled, 15
 With human transport touch the mighty dead,
 Shakespear rejoice! his hand thy page refines;
 Now ev'ry scene with native brightness shines;
 Just to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
 So Tully publish'd what Lucretius wrote; 20
 Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
 And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow.

Thus when thy draughts, ORaphael! time invades,
 And the bold figure from the canvass fades,
 A rival hand recalls from ev'ry part 25
 Some latent grace, and equals art with art;
 Transported we survey the dubious strife,
 While each fair image starts again to life.

How long, untun'd, had Homer's sacred lyre
 Mur'd grating discord, all extinct his fire! 30

This you beheld ; and, taught by heav'n to sing,
 Call'd the loud music from the sounding string.
 Now wak'd from slumbers of three-thousand years,
 Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears ;
 Towers o'er the field of death ; as fierce he turns, 35
 Keen flash his arms, and all the Hero burns ;
 With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,
 He strides along, and meets the gods in fight :
 'Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
 Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores, 40
 Tremble the tow'rs of Heav'n, earth rocks her coasts,
 And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts.
 To ev'ry theme responds thy various lay ;
 Here rolls a torrent, there Meanders play ;
 Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise, 45
 Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies ;
 Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,
 The gentle breezes breathe away and die.
 Thus, like the radiant God who sheds the day,
 You paint the vale, or gild the azure way ; 50
 And while with ev'ry theme the verse complies,
 Sink without groveling, without rashness rise.

Proceed, great Bard ! awake th' harmonious string,
 Be ours all Homer ! still Ulysses sing.

How long that Hero *, by unskilful hands, 55
 Strip'd of his robes, a beggar trod our lands ?
 Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,
 Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior lost :
 O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread ;
 Old age disgrac'd the honours of his head ; 60
 Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball shin'd
 The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
 But you, like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold
 With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold ;
 'Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves 65
 With grace divine, and like a God he moves.

Ev'n I, the meanest of the Muses' train,
 Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain ;
 Advent'rous waken the Mæonian lyre,
 'Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire ; 70

* *Odyſſey*, lib. 16.

So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
 Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right :

Like theirs, our Friendship! and I boast my name
 To thine united—for thy Friendship's Fame.

This labour past, of heav'nly subjects sing, 75
 While hov'ring angels listen on the wing.

To hear from earth such heart-felt raptures rise,

As, when they sing, suspended hold the skies :

Or nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,

From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws : 80

Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend :

To verse like thine fierce savages attend,

And men, more fierce : when Orpheus tunes the lay,

Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. B R O O M E.

To Mr P O P E,

On the publishing his WORKS.

HE comes, he comes! bid ev'ry Bard prepare
 The song of triumph, and attend his Car.

Great Sheffield's Muse the long procession heads,

And throws a lustre o'er the pomp she leads ;

First gives the Palm she fir'd him to obtain, 5

Crowns his gay brow, and shews him how to reign.

Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,

Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought :

Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,

Pleas'd to behold the earnest of a God. 10

But hark! what shouts, what gath'ring crouds rejoice!

Ustain'd their praise by any venal voice,

Such as th' Ambitious vainly think their due,

When Prostitutes, or needy Flatt'ers sue.

And see the Chief! before him laurels born; 15

Trophies from undeserving temples torn;

Here Rage enchain'd reluctant raves, and there

Pale Envy dumb, and sick'ning with despair,

Prone to the earth she bends her loathing eye;
Weak to support the blaze of majesty.

But what are they that turn the sacred page?
Three lovely Virgins, and of equal age;
Intent they read, and all enamour'd seem,
As he that met his likeness in the stream:
The Graces these; and see how they contend,
Who most shall praise, who best shall recommend.

The Chariot now the painful steep ascends,
The Pæans cease; thy glorious labour ends.
Here fix'd, the bright eternal Temple stands,
Its prospect an unbounded view commands:
Say, wond'rous youth, what Column wilt thou choose
What laurel'd Arch for thy triumphant Muse?
Tho' each great Ancient court thee to his shrine,
Tho' ev'ry Laurel thro' the dome be thine,
(From the proud Epic, down to those that shade
The gentler brow of the soft Lesbian maid)
Go to the Good and Just, an awful train,
Thy soul's delight, and glory of the Fane:
While thro' the earth thy dear remembrance flies,
" Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies."

SIMON HARCOURT

To Mr POPE.

From Rome, 1739

IMMORTAL Bard! for whom each Muse has wove
The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove;
Preserv'd, our drooping Genius to restore,
When Addison and Congreve are no more;
After so many stars extinct in night,
The dark'ned age's last remaining light!
To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
Inspir'd by memory of ancient Wit;
For now no more these climes their influence boast
Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost;
From Tyrants, and from Priests, the Muses fly,
Daughters of Reason and of Liberty.

Nor Baia now, nor Umbria's plain they love,
 Nor on the banks of Nar, or Mincia rove;
 To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire, 15
 And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.

So in the shades, where cheer'd with summer rays
 Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
 Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
 Of gloomy Winter's un auspicious reign, 20
 No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
 But mournful silence saddens all the grove.

Unhappy Italy! whose alter'd state
 Has felt the worst severity of Fate:
 Not that Barbarian hands her Fasces broke, 25
 And bow'd her haughty Neck beneath their yoke;
 Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
 Her Cities desert, and her fields unfown;
 But that her ancient Spirit is decay'd,
 That sacred Wisdom from her bounds is fled, 30
 That there the source of Science flows no more,
 Whence its rich streams supply'd the world before.

Illustrious Names! that once in Latium shin'd,
 Born to instruct, and to command Mankind;
 Chiefs, by whose Virtue mighty Rome was rais'd, 35
 And Poets, who those Chiefs sublimely prais'd!
 Oh! I the traces you have left explore,
 Your ashes visit, and your urns adore;
 Oh! kiss, with lips devout, some mould'ring stone,
 With Ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown; 40
 These hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to see
 Than all the pomp of modern Luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flow'rs I strow'd,
 While with th' inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
 Crown'd with eternal bays my ravish'd eyes 45
 Beheld the Poet's awful Form arise:

Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid
 These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
 When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
 To Pope this message from his Master bear: 50

Great Bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
 To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,

If high exalted on the Throne of Wit,
 Near Me and Homer thou aspire to sit,
 No more let meaner Satire dim the rays
 That flow majestic from thy nobler Bays;
 In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus stray,
 But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way;
 Nor, when each soft engaging Muse is thine,
 Address the least attractive of the Nine.

Of thee more worthy were the task, to raise
 A lasting Column to thy Country's praise;
 To sing the land, which yet alone can boast
 That Liberty corrupted Rome has lost;
 Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid,
 And plants her palm beneath the Olive's shade.
 Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,
 Such was the people whose exploits I sung;
 Brave, yet refin'd, for Arms and Arts renown'd,
 With diff'rent bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd,
 Dauntless opposers of Tyrannic Sway,
 But pleas'd a mild AUGUSTUS to obey.

If these commands submissive thou receive,
 Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live;
 Envy to black Cocytus shall retire,
 And howl with Furies in tormenting fire;
 Approving Time shall consecrate thy Lays,
 And join the Patriot's to the Poet's Praise.

GEORGE LYTTLETON

PASTORALS,

WITH A

DISCOURSE on PASTORAL.

Written in the Year M. DCC. IV.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius !

Virg.

A

D I S C O U R S E

O N

PASTORAL POETRY*.

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of Verses, than of those which are called *Pastorals*, nor a smaller, than of those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of Poem; and it is my design to comprise, in this short paper, the substance of those numerous dissertations the Critics have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour: you will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ, and a few Remarks which, I think, have escaped their observation.

The original of Poetry is ascribed to that age which succeeded the creation of the world; and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of poetry was probably *Pastoral*†. It is natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a Poem was

* Written at sixteen years of age.

† Fontenelle's Discourse on Pastorals.

invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which, by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the Poets chose to introduce their Persons, from whom it received the name of Pastoral.

A Pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both*; the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing: the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts and expressions are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this Poem consists in simplicity †, brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an Eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we would copy Nature, it may be useful to take this idea along with us, that Pastoral is an image of what they call the Golden Age: so that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day, really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been, when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet further, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, as far as it may be useful to that sort of life; and an air of piety to the gods should shine

* Heinſius in Theocr.

† Rapin de Carm. Past. p. 2.

through the Poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity; and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing: the connection should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short **, and the periods concise: yet it is not sufficient that the sentences only be brief; the whole Eclogue should be so too: for we cannot suppose Poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But with respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these composures natural, than when some knowledge in rural affairs is discovered †. This may be made rather to appear done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shewn by inference; lest by too much study to seem natural, we destroy that easy simplicity from whence arises the delight: for what is inviting in this sort of poetry proceeds not so much from the idea of that business, as the tranquillity of a country life.

We must therefore use some illusion to render a pastoral delightful; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries ‡. Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together in a natural way; but a regard must be had to the subject; that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every eclogue. Besides, in each of them a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety *. This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of

** Rabin, Reflex. sur l'Art Poet. d'Arist. p. 2. Refl. xxvii.

† Pref. to Virg. Past. in Dryd. Virg.

‡ Fontenelle's Disc. of Pastorals.

* See the forementioned Preface.

the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances; and, lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of Pastoral. And since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undisputed authors of pastoral) that the Critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his Idyllia are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers* and fishermen as well as shepherds. He is apt to be too long in his descriptions, of which that of the Cup, in the first Pastoral, is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective, for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But it is enough that all others learned their excellence from him, and that his dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original; and in all points, where judgment is principally concerned, he is much superior to his

* ΘΕΠΙΣΤΑΙ, Idyl. x. and ΑΛΙΕΙΣ, Idyl. xxi.

master. Though some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such, they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a stranger to †. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the moderns, their success has been great: all who have endeavoured to make these ancients their pattern. The most considerable Genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser. Tasso, in his *Aminta*, has as far excelled all the pastoral writers, as in his *Gierusalemme* he has outdone the Epic poets of his country: but as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the Pastoral Comedy in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the ancients. Spenser's *Calendar*, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil *. Not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points: his Eclogues are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients: he is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as the Mantuan had done before him: he has employed the Lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old poets: his stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough: for the Tetra-stich hath obliged him to extend

† Rapin *Refl. on Arist.* part ii. *Refl.* xxvii. — Pref. to the *Ecl.* in Dryden's *Virg.*

* Dedication to *Virg. Ecl.*

his sense to the length of four lines, which would have been more closely confined in the couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself; though, notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his dialect: for the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons: whereas the Old English and country phrases of Spenser were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The addition he has made of a Calendar to his Eclogues, is very beautiful; since by this, besides the general moral of Innocence and Simplicity, which is common to other authors of Pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself; he compares human life to the several Seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his Pastorals into Months, has obliged him either to repeat the same description, in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it; whence it comes to pass that some of his Eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth, for example) have nothing but their titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident, because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

Of the following Eclogues I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the

Critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for Pastoral; that they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's; that in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observed, the rural employments in each season or time of the day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments; not without some regard to the several ages of men, and the different passions proper to each age.

But, after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old Authors, whose works as I had leisure to study, so, I hope, I have not wanted care to imitate.

S P R I N G :

T H E

FIRST PASTORAL.

O R,

D A M O N.

To Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

FIRST in these fields, I try the sylvan strains,
 Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains :
 Fair Thâmes! flow gently from thy sacred spring,
 While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing;
 Let vernal airs through' trembling osiers play, 5
 And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.

You, that too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,
 Enjoy the glory to be great no more,

NOTES.

These Pastorals were written at the age of sixteen, and passed through the hands of Mr Walsh, Mr Wycherly, Mr Granville, afterwards Lord Landfdown, Sir William Trumbal, Dr Garth, Lord Hallifax, Lord Somers, Mr Mainwaring, and others. All these gave our Author the greatest encouragement, and particularly Mr Walsh, whom Mr Dryden, in his postscript to Virgil, calls the best critic of his age. The Author (says he) seems to have a particular genius for this kind of Poetry, and a judgment that much exceeds his years. He has taken very freely from the Ancients; but what he has mixed of his own with theirs is no way inferior to what he has taken from them. It is not flattery at all to say, that Virgil had written nothing so good at his age. His preface is very judicious and

And carrying with you all the world can boast,
 To all the world illustriously are lost!
 O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
 Till in your native shades you tune the lyre:
 So when the Nightingale to rest removes,
 The Thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
 But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
 And all th' ærial audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
 Two Swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the Mu

NOTES.

"learned." *Letter to Mr Wycherly, April 1705.* The Lord Landfdown, about the same time, mentioning the youth of our Poet, says (in a printed letter of the character of Mr Wycherly) "That if he goes on as he has begun in the Pastoral way, as Virgil first tried his strength, we may hope to see English Poetry vie with the Roman," &c. Notwithstanding the early time of their production, the Author esteemed these as the most correct in the versification, and musical in the numbers, of all his works. The reason for his labouring them into so much softness was doubtless, that this sort of poetry derives almost its whole beauty from a natural ease of thought and smoothness of verse: whereas that of most other kinds consists in the strength and fulness of both. In a letter of his to Mr Waller about this time, we find an enumeration of several niceties in versification, which perhaps have never been strictly observed in any English Poem, except in these Pastorals. They were not printed till 1709.

[*Sir William Trumbal.*] Our Author's friendship with this gentleman commenced at very unequal years; he was under sixteen, but Sir William above sixty, and had lately resigned his employment of Secretary of State to King William.

ψ. 12. — *in your native shades.*] Sir William Trumbal was born in Windsor-forest, to which he retired, after he had resigned the post of Secretary of State to K. William III. R.

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 17, &c.] The scene of this Pastoral a valley; the time the morning. It stood originally thus:

Daphnis and Strephon to the shades retir'd,
 Both warm'd by Love, and by the Muse inspir'd,

Hear'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
 Fresh as the morn and as the season fair: 20

The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
 Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

Daph. Hear how the birds on every bloomy spray,
 With joyous music wake the dawning day!

Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing, 25
 When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?

Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
 And lavish Nature paints the purple year?

Streph. Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
 While yon' slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain. 30

Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow;
 Here western winds on breathing roses blow.

VARIATIONS.

Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair,
 In flow'ry vales they fed their fleecy care;
 And while Aurora gilds the mountain's side,
 Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

IMITATIONS.

W. 1. Prima Syracusio dignata est ludere versu,
 Nostra nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia.

This is the general exordium and opening of the Pastorals,
 An imitation of the sixth of Virgil, which some have there-
 fore not improbably thought to have been the first originally.
 In the beginnings of the other three Pastorals, he imitates
 expressly those which now stand first of the three chief Poets
 in this kind, Spenser, Virgil, Theocritus.

A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name)—
 Beneath the shade a spreading beech displays,—
 Thyrsis, the Music of the murm'ring Spring,—
 are manifestly imitations of

—A Shepherd's Boy (no better do him call)

—Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi.

—Ἀδύ τι τὸ ψθύρισμα ἔσ' αἰπότε, τήνα.

I'll stake yon lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

Daph. And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines : 36
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year;
And what is that which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order ly? 40

Dam. Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,
Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring;
Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground;
Begin, the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.

Streph. Inspire me, Phœbus! in my Delia's praise,
With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays : 46
A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
That threatens a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

Daph. O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes; 50

VARIATIONS.

- ψ. 34. The first reading was
And his own image from the bank surveys.
ψ. 36. And clusters lurk beneath the curling vines;

IMITATIONS.

- ψ. 35, 36. *Lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis,
Diffusos edera vestit pallente corymbos. Virg.*
ψ. 38. *The various seasons.*] The subject of these Pasto-
rals engraven on the bowl is not without its propriety.
The Shepherd's hesitation at the name of the zodiac, imi-
tates that in Virgil,

Et quis fuit alter,

Descripsit radio totum qui gentibus orbem?

- ψ. 41. *Then sing by turns.*] Literally from Virgil,
Alternis dicetis, amant alterna Camoenae:
Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
Nunc frondent sylvae, nunc formosissimus annus.
ψ. 47. *A milk-white bull.*] Virg.—Pascite taurum,
Qui cornu petat, et pedibus jam spargat arenam.

No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart;
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

Strepb. Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around, 55
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

Daph. The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen:
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes! 60

Strepb. O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;

NOTES.

ψ. 46. — [*Granville.*] George Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdown, known for his poems, most of which he composed very young, and proposed Waller as his model. P.

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

Pan, let my numbers equal Strephon's lays,
Of Parian stone thy statue will I raise;
But if I conquer and augment my fold,
Thy Parian statue shall be chang'd to gold.

ψ. 61. It stood thus at first:

Let rich Iberia golden fleeces boast,
Her purple wool the proud Assyrian coast,
Blest Thames's shores, &c.

ψ. 61. Originally thus in the MS.

Go, flow'ry wreath, and let my Sylvia know,
Compar'd to thine how bright her beauties show:
Then die; and dying, teach the lovely maid
How soon the brightest beauties are decay'd.

Daph. Go, tuneful bird, that pleas'd the woods so long,
Of Amaryllis learn a sweeter song:
To Heav'n arising then her notes convey,
For Heav'n alone is worthy such a lay.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 58. *She runs, but hopes.*] Imitation of Virgil.
Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella,
Et fugit ad salices, sed se cupit ante videri.

Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield,
Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

Daph. Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves ; 65
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves :

If Windsor shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor shade.

Streph. All nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs,
Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;
If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring, 75
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

Daph. All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air ; [fair,
If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore, 71
And vanquish'd Nature seems to charm no more.

Streph. In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always ; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight. 80

Daph. Sylvia's like Autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day :
Ev'n spring displeases, when she shines not here ;
But bless'd with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

Streph. Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears,
A wond'rous Tree, that sacred Monarchs bears ? 86

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 69, &c.] These verses were thus at first :
All Nature mourns, the birds their songs deny,
Nor wasted brooks the thirsty flowers supply ;
If Delia smile, the flowers begin to spring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 69. *All nature mourns.*]
Aret ager, vitio moriens sitit aeris herba, &c.
Phyllidis adventu nostrae nemus omne virebit. *Virg.*

Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

Daph. Nay, tell me first, in what more happy fields
The Thistle springs, to which the Lily yields: 90
And then a noble prize I will resign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

Dam. Cease to contend; for, Daphnis, I decree
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
Blest Swains, whose Nymphs in ev'ry grace excel; 95
Blest Nymphs, whose Swains those graces sing so well!
Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs;
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around. 100
For see! the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.

NOTES.

ψ. 86. *A wond'rous Tree, that sacred Monarchs bears.*] An allusion to the Royal Oak, in which Charles II. had been hid from the pursuit after the battle of Worcester.

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 99. was originally,
The turf with country dainties shall be spread;
And trees with twining branches shade your head.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 90. *The Thistle springs, to which the Lily yields.*] Alludes to the device of the Scots monarchs; the Thistle, worn by Queen Anne; and to the arms of France, the Fleur de lys. The two riddles are in imitation of those in Virgil, *Eclogue iii.*

Diq quibus in terris inscripti nomina Regum
Nascantur Flores, et Phyllida solus habeto.

S U M M E R:

T H E

SECOND PASTORAL.

O R,

A L E X I S.

To Dr GARTH.

A SHEPHERD's boy (he seeks no better name)
 Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
 Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
 And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.
 Soft as he mourn'd, the streames forgot to flow, ;
 The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
 The Naiads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
 And Jove consented in a silent show'r.

NOTES.

N. 3. The Scene of this Pastoral by the river's side, suitable to the heat of the season; the time Noon.

VARIATIONS.

- ψ. 1, 2, 3, 4. were thus printed in the first edition:
 A faithful swain, whom Love had taught to sing,
 Bewail'd his fate beside a silver spring;
 Where gentle Thames his winding waters leads
 Thro' verdant forests, and thro' flow'ry meads.
 ψ. 3. Originally thus in the MS.
 There to the winds he plain'd his hapless love,
 And Amaryllis fill'd the vocal grove.

Accept, O GARTH, the Muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays; 10
Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From Love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I sing. 15
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleeting sheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee. 20
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal Winter reigns.

Where stray ye, Muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides, 25
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?

NOTES.

ψ. 9. Dr Samuel Garth, author of the Dispensary, was one of the first friends of the Author, whose acquaintance with him began at fourteen or fifteen. Their friendship continued from the year 1703 to 1718, which was that of his death.

ψ. 16. *The woods shall answer, and their echoes ring.*] Is a line out of Spenser's Epithalamion.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 8. *And Jove consented.*]

Jupiter et laeto descendit pluribus imbri. Virg.

ψ. 15. *to the deaf I sing.*]

Non canimus surdis, respondent omnia sylvae. Virg.

ψ. 23. *Where stray ye, Muses, &c.*]

Quae nemora, aut qui vos saltus habuere, puellae

Naides, indigno cum Gallus amore periret?

Nam neque Parnassi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi

Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonia Aganippe.

Virg. out of Theocr.

P A S T O R A L S.

As in the crystal spring I view my face,
 Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;
 But since those graces please thy eye no more,
 I shun the fountains which I sought before. 30
 Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
 And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
 Ah, wretched shepherd, what avails thy art
 To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!
 Let other swains attend the rural care, 35
 Feed fairer flocks or richer fleeces sheer:
 But nigh yon' mountains let me tune my lays,
 Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
 That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
 Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death: 40
 He said, Alexis, take this pipe, the same
 That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name:
 But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
 For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
 Oh! were I made by some transforming pow'r 45
 The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!

NOTES.

y. 39. *Colin.*] The name taken by Spenser in his Eclogues,
 where his mistress is celebrated under that of Rosalinda.

VARIATIONS.

y. 27. Oft in the crystal spring I cast a view,
 And equal'd Hylas, if the glass be true;
 But since those graces meet my eyes no more,
 I shun, &c.

IMITATIONS.

y. 27. Virgil again from the Cyclops of Theocritus,
 —nuper me in littore vidi,
 Cum placidum ventis stare mare; non ego Daphnim,
 Judice te, metuam, si nunquam fallat imago.
 y. 40. —*bequeath'd in death, &c.*] Virgil, Eclogue ii.
 Est mihi disparibus septem compacta cicutis
 Fistula, Damoetas dono mihi quam dedit olim,
 Et dixit moriens, Te nunc habet ista secundum,

P A S T O R A L S. 33

Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng;
Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song: 30
The Nymphs, forsaking every cave and spring,
Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring:
Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.
For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design, 55:
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
Descending gods have found Elysium here. 60
In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
And chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from sheering seek their nightly bow'rs;
When weary reapers quit the sultry field, 65
And, crown'd with corn, their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you. 70
Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
Trees, where you sit, shall croud into a shade:
Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise, 75
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 60. *Descending gods have found Elysium here.*]

Habitarunt Di quoque sylvas—Ecl. ii.

Et formosus oves ad flumina pavit Adonis. Ecl. x.

Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,
 Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
 Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
 And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above. 85

But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
 The wond'ring forests soon shall dance again,
 The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
 And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!

But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat, 85
 The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,
 To closer shades the panting flocks remove;
 Ye gods! and is there no relief for Love?
 But soon the sun with milder rays descends
 To cool the ocean, where his journey ends: 90
 On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
 By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 79, 80. Your praise the tuneful birds to heav'n shall bear,
 And list'ning wolves grow milder as they hear.

So the verses were originally written; but the Author, young as he was, soon found the absurdity which Spenser himself overlooked; of introducing wolves into England.

ψ. 91. Me love inflames, nor will his fires allay.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 80. *And winds shall waft, &c.*]

Partem aliquam, venti, divum referatis ad aures! Ecl. iii.

ψ. 88. *Ye gods, &c.*]

Me tamen urit amor, quis enim modus adsit amori? Ecl. ii.

A U T U M N:

T H E

THIRD PASTORAL.

O R,

H Y L A S and Æ G O N.

To Mr WYCHERLEY.

BENEATH the shade a spreading beach displays,
 Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays :
 This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent Love,
 And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.
 Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring; **S**
 Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.

Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire;
 The art of Terence and Menander's fire;
 Whose sense instructs us, and whose honour charms,
 Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms,

NOTES.

This Pastoral consists of two parts, like the eighth of Virgil:
 The Scene a Hill; the time at Sun-set.

ψ. 7. [*Thou, whom the Nine.*] Mr Wycherley, a famous
 author of Comedies; of which the most celebrated were the
 Plain Dealer and Country Wife. He was a writer of infinite
 spirit, satire, and wit. The only objection made to him
 was, that he had too much. However, he was followed in the
 same way by Mr Congreve, though with a little more cor-
 rectness.

Oh, skill'd in Nature! see the hearts of swains, 11
 Their artless passion, and their tender pains.
 Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
 And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
 When tuneful Hylas with melodious moan 11
 Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.
 Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
 As some sad Turtle his lost love deplores,
 And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores; 20
 Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
 Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
 For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song:
 For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny; 25
 For her, the lilies hang their heads and die,
 Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring,
 Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
 Ye trees, that fade when autumn-heats remove,
 Say, is not absence death to those who love? 30

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay:
 Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
 Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all but she.
 What have I said? where'er my Delia flies, 35
 Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise!
 Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
 And liquid amber drop from every thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
 The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song. 40

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 37. — Aurea duræ

Mala ferant quercus; narcisso floreant alnus,

Pinguia corticibus fudent electra myricæ. Vir. Ecl. viii,

The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to lab'ers faint with pain,
Not show'rs to larks, or sun-shine to the bee, 45
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Through rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds. 50
Ye pow'rs, what pleasing frenzy sooths my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?

She comes, my Delia comes!—Now cease my lay,
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!

Next Ægon sung, while Wind for groves admir'd; 55
Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain:

Here where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies; 60

While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat:

While curling smoaks from village-tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

VARIATIONS.

Y. 48. Originally thus in the MS.

With him thro' Lybia's burning plains I'll go,
On Alpine mountains tread th' eternal snow;
Yet feel no heat but what our loves impart,
And dread no coldness but in Thyrsis' heart.

IMITATIONS.

Y. 43. &c.] Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per aestum
Dulcis aquae saliente sitim restringere rivo.

Virg. Eclogue v.

Y. 52. An qui amant, ipsi sibi somnia fingunt? Idem viii.

60 P A S T O R A L E.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay! (6
Beneath yon' poplar oft we pass'd the day:
Oft on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain;
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove; 75
Just gods! shall all things yield returns but Love!

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey."—
Ah! what avails it me the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep? 80
Pan came, and ask'd, What magic caus'd my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
What eyes but hers, alas, have pow'r to move!
And is there magic but what dwells in Love!

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains! 85
I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.
From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forsake mankind, and all the world,—but Love!
I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed, 90
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye woods, adieu the light of day!

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 81. *Or what ill eyes.]*

Nescio quis teneros oculos mihi fascinat agnos.

ψ. 89. Nunc scio quid sit Amor; duris in cotibus illum, &c.

One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains, 95
 No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!

Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
 The skies yet blushing with departing light,
 When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
 And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade. 100

W I N T E R:

T H E

FOURTH PASTORAL.

O R,

D A P H N E.

To the Memory of Mrs TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS! the music of that murm'ring spring,
 Is not so mournful as the strains you sing :
 Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
 So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.

NOTES.

Winter.] This was the Author's favourite Pastoral.

Mrs Tempest.] This Lady was of an ancient family in Yorkshire, and particularly admired by the Author's friend Mr Walfsh, who, having celebrated her in a Pastoral Elegy, desired his friend to do the same, as appears from one of his letters, dated September 9, 1706. "Your last Eclogue being on the same subject with mine on Mrs Tempest's death, I should take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn, as if it were to the memory of the same Lady." Her death having happened on the night of the great storm in 1703, gave a propriety to this Eclogue, which in its general turn alludes to it. The Scene of the Pastoral lies in a Grove, the time at Midnight.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 1. *Thyrsis! the music, &c.*] *ADULT, &c.* Theocr. Idyl. i.

Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces ly, 5
 The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
 While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
 Oh sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

Thyr. Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
 Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost. 10
 Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
 That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain?
 Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,
 And bade his willows learn the moving song.

Lyc. So may kind rains their vital moisture yield, 15
 And swell the future harvest of the field.
 Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
 And said, "Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!"
 Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
 And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn. 20

Thyr. Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring;
 Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands bring.
 Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
 And break your bows as when Adonis dy'd;
 And with your golden darts, now useless grown, 25
 Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone;
 "Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,
 "Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more.

'Tis done, and Nature's various charms decay,
 See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day! 30

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 29. Originally thus in the MS.

'Tis done, and Nature's chang'd since you are gone;
 Behold the clouds have put their mourning on.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 13. *Thames heard, &c.*]

Audiit Eurotas, iussitque edificere lauros.

Virg.

ψ. 23, 24, 25.] Inducite fontibus umbras—

Et tumultum facite, et tumulto superaddite carmen. 11.

Now hung with pearls the drooping trees appear,
 Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.
 See where, on earth, the flow'ry glories ly;
 With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
 Ah, what avail the beauties Nature wore? 35
 Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!

For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
 The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood,
 The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
 In notes more sad than when they sing their own; 40
 In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies,
 Silent, or only to her name replies;
 Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,
 Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more!

No grateful dews descend from ev'ning skies, 45
 Nor morning odours from the flow'rs arise;
 No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
 Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
 The balmy Zephers, silent since her death,
 Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath; 50
 Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store!
 Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
 Shall, list'ning in mid air, suspend their wings;
 No more the birds shall imitate her lays, 55
 Or, hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:
 No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
 A sweeter music than their own to hear;
 But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
 Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more! 60

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
 And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
 The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
 Her fate remurmur to the silver flood:

The silver flood, so lately calm, appears 65
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
The winds and trees, and floods her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!

But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high
Above the clouds, above the starry sky! 70
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
There while you rest in Amaranthine bow'rs,
Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore, 75
Daphne, our Goddeſs, and our grief no more!

Lyc. How all things listen, while thy Muse complains!
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees. 80
To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes encrease my fleecy breed.
While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live! •

Thyr. But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dew; 85
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 83. Originally thus in the MS.

While vapours rise, and driving snows descend,
Thy honour, name, and praise shall *never end*.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 69, 70. —miratur limen Olympi,
Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sydera Daphnis. *Virg.*

ψ. 81. —illius aram
Saepe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuit agnus. *Virg.*

ψ. 86. —solet esse gravis cantantibus umbra,
Juniperi gravis umbra. *Virg.*

Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams and groves ;
 Adieu, ye shepherds, rural lays and loves ; 90
 Adieu, my flocks ; farewell, ye sylvan crew ;
 Daphne, farewell ; and all the world adieu !

NOTES.

ψ. 89, &c.] These four last lines allude to the several subjects of the four Pastorals, and to the several scenes of them particularized before in each.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 88. *Time conquers all, &c.*]

Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.

Vid. etiam Sannazarii Ecl. et Spenser's Calendar.

M E S S I A H.

A

SACRED ECLOGUE,

In Imitation of

VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN reading several passages of the Prophet *Isaiah*, which foretell the coming of CHRIST, and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the *Pollio* of Virgil. This will not seem surprising, when we reflect, that the *Eclogue* was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this Imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the Prophet are superior to those of the Poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of *Isaiah*, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation.

M E S S I A H.

A

S A C R E D E C L O G U E,

In Imitation of VIRGIL's POLIO.

YE Nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song :
 To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus, and th' Aonian maids,
 Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire
 Who touch'd Isaiiah's hallow'd lips with fire !
 Rapt into future times, the Bard begun :
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son !

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 8. *A Virgin shall conceive—All crimes shall cease, &c.*
Virg. Ecl. iv. ψ. 6.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna ;
 Jam nova progenies coelo demittitur alto.
 Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
 Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras—
 Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

“ Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn
 “ returns, now a new progeny is sent down from high
 “ heaven. By means of thee, whatever relics of our crimes
 “ remain, shall be wiped away, and free the world from
 “ perpetual fears. He shall govern the earth in peace, with
 “ the virtues of his father.”

Isaiiah, ch. vii. ψ. 14. “ Behold a virgin shall conceive
 “ and bear a son.—Chap. ix. ψ. 6, 7. Unto us a child is
 “ born, unto us a son is given, the Prince of Peace, of the
 “ increase of his government, and of his peace, there shall
 “ be no end ; upon the throne of David, and upon his king-
 “ dom, to order and to stablish it, with judgment and with
 “ justice, for ever and ever.”

From * Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies;
 Th' Æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
 Ye † Heav'ns ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r !
 The ‡ sick and weak the healing plant shall aid, 15
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
 Returning || Justice lift aloft her scale ;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend. 20
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn !
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe ! be born.
 See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring :
 See § lofty Lebanon his head advance, 25
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance :

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 23. See *Nature hastes, &c.* Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 18.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,
 Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,
 Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho—
 Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

“ For thee, O Child, shall the earth, without being tilled,
 “ produce her early offerings; winding ivy, mixed with
 “ baccar and Colocasia, with smiling acanthus. Thy cradle
 “ shall pour forth pleasing flowers about thee.”

Isaiah, chap. xxxv. ver. 1. “ The wilderness and the soli-
 “ tary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and
 “ blossom as the rose.” Chap. xl. ver. 13. “ The glory of
 “ Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree,
 “ and the box together, to beautify the place of thy sanc-
 “ tuary.”

* Ch. xi. ver. 1. † Ch. xlv. ver. 8. ‡ Ch. xxxv. ver. 4.
 § Ch. ix. ver. 7. ¶ Ch. xxxv. ver. 2.

M E S S I A H.

71

See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
 And Carmel's flow'ry top perfume the skies!
 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert hears;
 Prepare the way *! a God, a God appears: 30
 A God, A God! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
 Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye vallies, rise;
 With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay; 35
 Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
 The Saviour comes by ancient bards foretold:
 Hear † him, ye deaf, and, all ye blind, behold!
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day: 40
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:

IMITATIONS.

Y. 29. *Hark! a glad voice, &c.] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 46.*

Aggredere o magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
 Cara deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum—
 Ipsi laetitia voces ad sydera jactant
 Intonsi montes, ipsae jam carmina rupes,
 Ipsa sonant arbusa, Deus, Deus ille Menalca?

Ecl. v. ver. 62.

"Oh come and receive the mighty honours: the time
 "draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great en-
 "crease of Jove! The uncultivated mountains send shouts
 "of joy to the stars, the very rocks sing in verse, the very
 "shrubs cry out, A God, a God!"

Isaiah, chap. xl. ver. 3, 4. "The voice of him that crieth
 "in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord! make
 "straight in the desert a high way for our God! Every
 "valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall
 "be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight,
 "and the rough places plain." *Ch. iv. ver. 23.* "Break
 "forth into singing, ye mountains! O forest, and every tree
 "therein! for the Lord hath redeemed Israel."

* *Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4.* † *Ch. xliii. ver. 12. Ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6.*

The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear, 43
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
 In * adamant chains shall Death be bound,
 And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
 As the good † shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air, 50
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage, 55
 The promis'd father ‡ of the future age,
 No more shall || nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er, 60
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
 But useles lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad faulchion in a plowshare end.
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful § son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield, 65
 And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren ** deserts with surprise
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 67. *The swain in barren deserts*] *Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 28.*

Molli paulatim flavescet campus arista,
 Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
 Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.

" The fields shall grow yellow with ripened years, and the

* Chap. xxv. ver. 8. † Chap. xl. ver. 11. ‡ Chap. ix. ver. 6. || Chap. ii. ver. 4. § Chap. lxxv. ver. 21, 22.

** Chap. xxxv. ver. 1, 7.

And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murmur in his ear. 70
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste * sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn :
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ry palms succeed, 75
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The † lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead ;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless ‡ serpents lick the pilgrim's feet. 80

IMITATIONS.

" red grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the
 " hard oaks shall distil honey like dew."

Isaiah, chap. xxxv. ver. 7. " The parched ground shall
 " become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: in
 " the habitations where dragons lay, shall be grass, and
 " reeds, and rushes." Chap. lv. ver. 13. " Instead of the
 " thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar,
 " shall come up the myrtle tree."

¶ 77. *The lambs with wolves, &c.*]

Virgil. *Ecl.* iv. ver. 21.

*Ipsae lacte domum referent distenta capellae
 Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones—
 Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
 Occidet.—*

" The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended
 " with milk; nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest
 " lions. The serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals
 " poison shall die."

Isaiah, chap. xi. ver. 6, &c. " The wolf shall dwell with
 " the lamb, and the leopard shall ly down with the kid,
 " and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling toge-
 " ther; and a little child shall lead them.—And the lion

* Chap. xli. ver. 19. and chap. lv. ver. 13. † Chap. xi.
 ver. 6, 7, 8. ‡ Chap. lxxv. ver. 25.

The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial * Salem; rise! †; ‡
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
 See a long † race thy spacious courts adorn;
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crouding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies! 90
 See barb'rous ‡ nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of Sabæan || springs!
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow, 95
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day!

IMITATIONS.

“ shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall
 “ play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall
 “ put his hand on the den of the cockatrice.

ψ. 85. *Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!*
 The thoughts of Isaiah, which compose the latter part of
 the Poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those
 general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftiest part
 of his Pollio.

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo!

—toto surget gens aurea mundo!

—incipient magni procedere menses!

Aspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo! &c.

The reader needs only to turn to the passages of Isaiah, here cited.

* Chap. lx. ver. 1. † Chap. lx. ver. 4. ‡ Chap. lx. ver. 3.
 || Chap. lx. ver. 6.

No more the rising * sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn ; 100
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts : the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !
The † seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay, 105
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains ;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns !

* Chap. lx. ver. 19, 20. † Chap. li. ver. 6. and chap. liv.
ver. 10.

W

C

WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

Non injussa cano : te nostrae, *Vare*, myricae,
Te *Nemus* omne canet : nec Phoebo gratior ulla est,
Quam sibi quae *Vari* praescripsit pagina nomen.

Virg.

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WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

THY forests, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
 At once the Monarch's and the Muses' seats,
 Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!
 Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
 GRANVILLE commands; your aid, O Muses, bring!
 What Muse for GRANVILLE can refuse to sing? 6
 The Groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
 Live in description, and look green in song:
 These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
 Like them in beauty, should be like in fame. 10
 Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
 Here earth and water seem to strive again;
 Not Chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd;
 But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd:

NOTES.

This Poem was written at two different times: the first part of it, which relates to the country, in the year 1704, at the same time with the Pastorals; the latter part was not added till the year 1713, in which it was published.

VARIATIONS.

Y. 3, &c. Originally thus,

Chaste goddess of the woods,
 Nymphs of the vales, and Naiads of the floods,
 Lead me thro' arching bow'rs, and glimm'ring glades,
 Unlock your springs—

IMITATIONS.

Y. 6. — neget quib carmina Gallo?

Virg.

Where order in variety we see,
 And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
 Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
 And part admit, and part exclude the day;
 As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
 Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
 There, interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
 Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
 Here in full light the russet plains extend :
 There wrapt in clouds the bluish hills ascend.
 Even the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
 And 'midst the desert, fruitful fields arise,
 That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
 Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
 Let India boast her plants; nor envy we
 The weeping amber, or the balmy tree,
 While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
 And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
 Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
 Tho' Gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
 Than what more humble mountains offer here,
 Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear.
 See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
 Here blushing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground,
 Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
 And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand :
 Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
 And Peace and Plenty tell, a STUART reigns.

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 25. Originally thus;

Why should I sing our better suns or air,
 Whose vital draughts prevent the leach's care,
 While thro' fresh fields th' enliv'ning odours breathe,
 Or spread with vernal blooms the purple heath?

Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
 A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
 To savage beasts and savage laws a prey, 45
 And kings more furious and severe than they;
 Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
 The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
 Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,
 (For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves.) 50
 What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
 And even the elements a Tyrant sway'd?
 In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain;
 Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain:
 The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields, 55
 And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
 What wonder then, a beast or subject slain,
 Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
 Both doom'd alike, for sportive tyrants bled;
 But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed. 60
 Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,
 A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
 Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,
 And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.

NOTES.

Y. 45.—*savage laws.*] The Forest laws.

Y. 55. *The fields are ravish'd, &c.*] Alluding to the destruction made in the New Forest, and the tyrannies exercised there by William I.

VARIATIONS.

Y. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

From towns laid waste, to dens and caves they ran,
 (For who first sloop'd to be a slave was man.)

Y. 57, &c. No wonder savages or subjects slain—

But subjects starv'd, while savages were fed.

It was originally thus: but the word *savages* is not properly applied to beasts but to men; which occasioned the alteration.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains, 65
 From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes :
 The levell'd towns with weeds ly cover'd o'er ;
 The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar ;
 Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd ;
 O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately kind ; 70
 The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
 And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
 Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curst,
 Th' Oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,
 Stretch'd o'er the Poor and Church his iron rod, 75
 And serv'd alike his Vassals and his God.
 Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
 The wanton victims of his sport remain.
 But see, the man who spacious regions gave
 A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave ! 80
 Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
 At once the chaser, and at once the prey :
 Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
 Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.
 Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects' cries, 85
 Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.
 Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
 O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
 The forests wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
 And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain. 90
 Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears
 Her chearful head, and leads the golden years.

IMITATIONS.

Y. 65. *The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains,
 From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes.]*
 Translated from

Templâ adimit divis, forâ civibus, arva colonis,
 an old monkish writer, I forget who.

Y. 89. *Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma. Virg.*

Ye vig'rous swains! while youth ferments your
 And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood, [blood,
 Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset, 95
 Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
 When milder Autumn summer's heat succeeds,
 And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
 Before his lord the ready spanial bounds,
 Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds; 100
 But when the tainted gales the game betray,
 Couch'd close he lyes, and meditates the prey;
 Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
 'Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
 Thus (if small things we may with great compare) 105
 When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
 Some thoughtless Town, with ease and plenty blest,
 Near, and more near, the closing lines invest;
 Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
 And high in air Britannia's standard flies. 110

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
 Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.

VARIATIONS.

Y. 91. Oh may no more a foreign master's rage,
 With wrongs yet legal, curse a future age!
 Still spread, fair Liberty! thy heav'nly wings,
 Breathe plenty on the fields, and fragrance on the springs,

Y. 97. When yellow autumn summer's heat succeeds,
 And into wine the purple harvest bleeds,
 The partridge feeding in the new-shorn fields,
 Both morning sports and evening pleasures yields.

Y. 107. It stood thus in the first editions:

Pleas'd, in the Gen'ral's fight, the host ly down
 Sudden before some unsuspecting town;
 The young, the old, one instant makes our prize,
 And o'er their captive heads Britannia's standard flies,

Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
 His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
 His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky
 The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny. 126
 To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
 And trace the mazes of the circling hare :

(Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
 And learn of man each other to undo.)

With slaughter'd guns th' unweary'd fowler roves, 127
 When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
 Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'er shade,
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.

He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
 Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky : 128

Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
 The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death :
 Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
 They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial Spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade, 129
 Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
 The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
 Intent, his angle trembling in his hand :
 With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
 And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed. 130
 Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
 The bright ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,

VARIATIONS.

- ψ. 126. O'er rustling leaves around the naked groves.
 ψ. 129. The fowler lifts his levell'd tube on high.

IMITATIONS.

- ψ. 115. — nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,
 Labentum pietas, vel Apollinus insula texit. *Virg.*
 ψ. 134. Praecipites alta vitam sub nube relinquunt. *Virg.*

The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
 The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold,
 Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains, 145
 And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car:

The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
 Swart o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
 Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the op'ning hound. 150
 Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein,
 And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain:
 Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
 And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.

See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep, 155
 Rush through the thickets, down the vallies sweep,
 Hang o'er their coursers heads with eager speed,
 And earth rolls back beneath the flying reed.

Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
 Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train; 160
 Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
 As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a QUEEN;
 Whose care, like her's, protects the sylvan reign,
 The Earth's fair light, and Empress of the main.

Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd, 165
 And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade;
 Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
 Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
 Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
 Her buskin'd virgins trac'd the dewy lawn, 170

NOTE.

ψ. 162. Queen Anne.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 151. *Th' impatient courser, &c.*] Translated from Statius.

Stare adeo miserum est, pereunt vestigia mille

Ante fugam, absentemque ferit gravis ungula campum.

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
 Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;
 (Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
 The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)
 Scarce could the Goddess from her nymph be known,
 But by the crescent, and the golden zone: 176
 She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
 A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
 A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
 And with her dart the flying deer she wounds. 180
 It chanc'd, as eager of the chace, the maid
 Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
 Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire
 Pursu'd her flight; her flight increas'd his fire.
 Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly, 185
 When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
 Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
 When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
 As from the God she flew with furibund pace,
 Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chace. 190
 Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
 Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;
 And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
 His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 175. Nec posito variare comas; ubi fibula vestem,
 Vita coercuerat neglectos alba capillos. Ovid.

ψ. 185, 188.

Ut fugere accipitrem penna trepidante columbae,
 Ut solet accipiter trepidas agitare columbas. Ibid.

ψ. 193, 196. Sol erat a tergo: vidi praecedere longam
 Ante pedes umbram: nisi si timor illa videbat.
 Sed certe sonituque pedum terrebar; et ingens
 Crinales vittas afflabat anhelitus oris.

And now his shorter breath, with sultry air, 195
 Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair,
 In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
 Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
 Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
 " Ah Cynthia! ah—tho' banish'd from thy train, 200
 " Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
 " My native shades—there weep, and murmur there."
 She said, and melting as in tears she lay,
 In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away.
 The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps, 205
 For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
 Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
 And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
 In her chaste current oft the Goddess laves,
 And with celestial tears augments the waves. 210
 Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
 The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
 The wat'ry landscape of the pendant woods,
 And absent trees that tremble in the floods;
 In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen, 215
 And floating forests paint the waves with green;
 Thro' the fair scene roll slow the ling'ring streams,
 Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.
 Thou too, great father of the British floods!
 With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods; 220
 Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
 And future navies on thy shores appear.
 Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
 A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.

NOTES.

ψ. 207. *Still bears the name*] The river London.

ψ. 211. *Oft in her glass, &c.*] These six lines were added after the first writing of this Poem.

No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear, 233
 No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
 Nor Po so swells the fabling Poet's lays,
 While led along the skies his current strays,
 As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
 To grace the mansion of our earthly Gods: 236
 Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
 Like the bright Beauties on thy banks below;
 Where Jove, subdu'd by mortal passion still,
 Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
 His Sov'reign favours, and his Country loves, 236
 Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
 Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires;
 Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
 Successive study, exercise, and ease. 240
 He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
 And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields:
 With chemic arts exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
 And draws the Aromatic souls of flow'rs:
 Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high; 245
 O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;
 Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
 Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er:
 Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
 Attends the duties of the wise and good, 250

VARIATIONS.

Y. 233. It stood thus in the MS.

And force great Jove, if Jove's a lover still,
 To change Olympus, &c.

Y. 235. Happy the man who to the shades retires,
 But doubly happy, if the Muse inspires!
 Blest whom the sweets of home-felt quiet please;
 But far more blest, who study joins with ease.

T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
 To follow nature, and regard his end;
 Or looks on Heaven with more than mortal eyes,
 Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
 Amid her kindred stars familiar roam, 255
 Survey the region, and confess her home!
 Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd;
 Thus Atticus, and TRUMBAL thus retir'd.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
 Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions blest, 260
 Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
 The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens;
 To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
 Or where ye Muses sport on COOPER'S HILL.
 (On COOPER'S HILL eternal wreaths shall grow, 265
 While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow.)
 I seem through consecrated walks to rove,
 I hear soft music die along the grove:
 Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
 By godlike Poets venerable made: 270
 Here his first lays majestic DENHAM sung;
 There the last numbers flow'd from COWLEY's tongue.

NOTE.

Y. 272. *There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.*] Mr Cowley died at Chertsey, on the borders of the forest, and was from thence conveyed to Westminster.

VARIATIONS.

Y. 267. It stood thus in the MS.
 Methinks around your holy scenes I rove,
 And hear your music echoing thro' the grove:
 With transport visit each inspiring shade
 By godlike Poets venerable made.

IMITATIONS.

Y. 251, 252. *Servare modum finemque tenere,
 Naturamque sequi.*

Y. 261. *O quis me gelidis, &c.*

Luer.

Verg.

O early lost! what tears the river shed,
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led?
 His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire, 275
 And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.

Since Fate relentless stop'd their heavenly voice,
 No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
 Who now shall charm the shades where COWLEY
 His living harp, and lofty DENHAM sung? [strung
 But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings! 281
 Are these reviv'd? or is it GRANVILLE sings?
 'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
 And call the Muses to their ancient seats;
 To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes, 285
 To crown the forest with immortal greens;
 Make Windsor-hills in lofty numbers rise,
 And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
 To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
 And add new lustre to her silver star. 290

Here noble SURREY felt the sacred rage,
 SURREY, the GRANVILLE of a former age:

NOTE.

ψ. 291. *Here noble Surrey.*] Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, one of the first refiners of the English poetry, who flourished in the time of Henry VIII.

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 275. What sighs, what murmurs fill'd the vocal shore?
 His tuneful swans were heard to sing no more.

ψ. 290. — *her silver star.*] All the lines that follow were not added to the Poem till the year 1710. What immediately followed this, and made the conclusion, were these,

My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
 Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains;
 Where I obscurely pass my careless days,
 Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise.
 Enough for me that to the list'ning swains
 First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

91

Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
 Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance :
 In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre, 295
 To the same notes, of love, and soft desire :
 Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
 Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.

Oh would'st thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
 What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,
 Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains 301
 In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains !
 With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
 Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age,
 Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field,
 The lilies blazing on the regal shield : 306
 Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
 And leave inanimate the naked wall,
 Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
 And bleed for ever under Britain's spear. 310

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
 And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
 Here o'er the Martyr-King the marble weeps,
 And, fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps :
 Whom not th' extended Albion could contain, 315
 From old Belerium to the northern main,
 The Grave unites ; where even the Great find rest,
 And blended by th' oppressor and th' oppress'd !

NOTES.

ψ. 303. *Edward's acts.*] Edward III. born here.

ψ. 311. *Henry mourn.*] Henry VI.

ψ. 314. *once-fear'd Edward sleeps.*] Edward IV.

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 307. Originally thus in the MS.

When Brass decays, when Trophies ly o'erthrown,
 And mould'ring into dust drops the proud stone.

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
 (Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone) 320
 Oh fact accurs'd ! what tears has Albion shed,
 Heav'ns, what new wounds ! and how her old have
 She saw her sons with purple deaths expire, [bled !
 Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
 A dreadful series of intestine wars, 325
 Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.
 At length great ANNA said — " Let Discord cease !"
 She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace !

In that blest moment from his oozy bed
 Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head. 330
 His tresses drop'd with dew's, and o'er the stream
 His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam :
 Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
 His swelling waters, and alternate tides ;
 The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd, 335
 And on her banks Augusta rose in gold.
 Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood
 Who swell with tributary urns his flood !

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 322. Originally thus in the MS.

Oh fact accurs'd ! Oh sacrilegious brood,
 Sworn to rebellion, principled in blood !
 Since that dire morn, what tears has Albion shed !
 Gods ! what new wounds, &c.

ψ. 327. Thus in the MS.

"Till Anna rose and bade the Furies cease ;
 Let there be peace—she said, and all was Peace.

Between ψ. 330 and 331, originally stood these lines:

From shore to shore exulting shouts he heard,
 O'er all his banks a lambent light appear'd,
 With sparkling flames heav'n's glowing concave shone,
 Fictitious stars, and glories not her own.
 He saw, and gently rose above the stream ;
 His shining horns diffuse a golden gleam :
 With pearl and gold his tow'ry front was dress'd,
 The tributes of the distant East and West.

First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
The winding Isis, and the fruitful Tame : 340

The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd ;

The Lodon slow, with verdant alders crown'd ;

Cole, whose dark streams his flow'ry islands lave ;

And chalky-Wey, that rolls a milky wave :

The blue transparent Vandalis appears ; 345

The gulphy Lee his sedgey tresses rears ;

And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood ;

And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
(His sea-green mantle waving with the wind) 350

The God appear'd : he turn'd his azure eyes

Where Windsor-domes and pompous turrets rise ;

Then bow'd and spoke ; the winds forget to roar,

And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

Hail, sacred Peace ! hail long-expected days, 355

That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise !

Tho' Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,

Tho' foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,

From heav'n itself tho' seven-fold Nilus flows,
And harvests on a hundred realms bestows ; 360

These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,

Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.

Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,

And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,

Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile train ; 365

Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.

VARIATION.

Y. 363. Originally thus in the MS.

Let Venice boast her Tow'rs amidst the Main,

Where the rough Adrian swells and roars in vain ;

Here not a Town, but spacious Realm shall have

A sure foundation on the rolling wave.

No more my sons shall dye with British blood
 Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood :
 Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
 Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain : 379
 The shady empire shall retain no trace
 Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace ;
 The trumpet sleep, while chearful horns are blown,
 And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
 Behold ! th' ascending Villas on my side, 379
 Project long shadows o'er the chrystal tide,
 Behold ! Augusta's glitt'ring spires increase,
 And Temples rise, the beauteous works of Peace.
 I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
 Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend ! 380
 There mighty nations shall inquire their doom,
 The world's great oracle in times to come ;
 There Kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
 Once more to bend before a BRITISH QUEEN.

Thy trees, fair Windsor ! now shall leave their woods,
 And half thy forests rush into the floods, 386
 Bear Britain's Thunder, and her Cross display,
 To the bright regions of the rising day ;
 Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
 Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole ;
 Or under southern skies exalt their sails, 391
 Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales !

NOTE.

ψ. 378. *And Temples rise.*] The fifty new churches.

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 385, &c. were originally thus :

Now shall our fleets the bloody Cross display
 To the rich regions of the rising day,
 r those green isles, where headlong Titan sleeps
 His hissing axle in th' Atlantic deeps :
 Tempt icy seas, &c.

For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
 The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
 The pearly shell its lucid globe infold, 395
 And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold.
 The time shall come, when, free as seas or wind,
 Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
 Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
 And seas but join the regions they divide: 400
 Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
 And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
 Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
 And feather'd people crowd my wealthy fide,
 And naked youths, and painted chiefs admire 405
 Our speech, and colour, and our strange attire!
 Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,
 Till Conquest cease, and Slav'ry be no more;
 Till the freed Indians in their native groves
 Reap their own fruits, and woo their fable loves; 410
 Peru once more a race of kings behold,
 And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.
 Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
 In brazen bonds, shall barb'rous Discord dwell:
 Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care, 415
 And mad Ambition shall attend her there:
 There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
 Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
 There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
 And Persecution mourn her broken wheel: 420
 There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
 And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain!

NOTE.

ψ. 398. *Unbounded Thames*, &c.] A wish that London may be made a Free Port.

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
 Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days :
 The thoughts of Gods let GRANVILLE's verse recite,
 And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light : 426
 My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
 Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,
 Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
 And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing. 430
 Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
 Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise,
 Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
 First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

IMITATIONS.

Y. 423. Quo, Musa, tendis? define pervicax
 Referre sermones Deorum et
 Magna modis tenuare parvis.

Hor.

O D E

ON

ST CECILIA'S DAY,

M. DCC. VIII.

AND OTHER

PIECES for MUSIC.

VOL. I.

I

O D E

on

CECILIA DAY

MUSIC

AND OTHER

LECTURES IN MUSIC

O D E for M U S I C

O N

ST C E C I L I A ' s D A Y.

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;
 The breathing instruments inspire,
 Wake into voice each silent string,
 And sweep the sounding lyre!
 In a sadly-pleasing strain
 Let the warbling lute complain :
 Let the loud trumpet sound,
 'Till the roofs all around
 The shrill echoes rebound :
 While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
 Hark! the numbers soft and clear
 Gently steal upon the ear;
 Now louder, and yet louder rise,
 And fill with spreading sounds the skies. 15
 Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
 In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;
 'Till, by degrees, remote and small,
 The strains decay,
 And melt away, 20
 In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By Music minds an equal temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.

If in the breast tumultuous joy arise,
 Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
 Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
 Exalts her in enlivening airs.

Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
 Pours balm into the bleeding lovers wounds;

Melancholy lifts her head,
 Morpheus rouses from his bed,
 Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
 List'ning Envy drops her snakes;
 Intestine war no more our passions wage,
 And giddy Factions bear away their rage.

III.

But when our Country's cause provokes to Arms,
 How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!

So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
 High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,

While Argo saw her kindred trees
 Descend from Pelion to the main :-
 Transported demi-gods stood round,
 And men grew heroes at the sound,
 Enflam'd with glory's charms :

Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade :
 And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,
 To arms, to arms, to arms !

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
 Which flaming Phlegeton surrounds,
 Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
 To the pale nations of the dead,

What sounds were heard,
 What scenes appear'd,

O'er all the dreary coasts!

55

Dreadful gleams,

Difmal screams,

Fires that glow,

Shrieks of woe,

Sullen moans,

60

Hollow groans,

And cries of tortur'd ghosts!

But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;

And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire,

See, shady forms advance!

65

Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,

Ixion rests upon his wheel,

And the pale spectres dance!

The Furies sink upon their iron beds,

And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow,

71

By the fragrant winds that blow

O'er th' Elysian flow'rs;

By those happy souls who dwell

In yellow meads of Asphodel,

75

Or amaranthine bowers;

By the heroes' armed shades,

Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades;

By the youths that dy'd for love,

Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,

80

Restore, restore Eurydice to life:

Oh take the husband, or return the wife!

He sung, and hell consented

To hear the Poet's prayer;

Stern Proserpine relented,

85

And gave him back the fair.

Thus Song could prevail
 O'er death and o'er hell,
 A conquest how hard and how glorious!
 Tho' Fate had fast bound her
 With Styx nine times round her,
 Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
 Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the falls of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus wanders,
 Rolling in meanders,
 All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan;
 And calls her ghost,
 For ever, ever, ever lost!
 Now with furies surrounded,
 Despairing, confounded,
 He trembles, he glows,
 Amidst Rhodope's snows:
 See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
 Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
 Ah see, he dies!
 Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue;
 Eurydice the woods,
 Eurydice the floods,
 Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Musick the fiercest grief can charm,

And Fate's severest rage disarm :

Musick can soften pain to ease,

120

And make despair and madness please :

Our joys below it can improve,

And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine Cecilia found,

And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound. 125

When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,

Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear :

Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,

While solemn airs improve the sacred fire ;

And angels lean from heav'n to hear.

130

Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,

To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n ;

His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,

Her's lift the soul to heav'n.

T W O

C H O R U S E S

T O T H E

Tragedy of BRUTUS *.

CHORUS of ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

YE shades, where sacred truth is sought;
 Groves, where immortal fages taught;
 Where heav'nly visions Plato fir'd,
 And Epicurus lay inspir'd!
 In vain your guiltless laurels stood
 Unspotted long with human blood.
 War, horrid war, your thoughtless walks invades,
 And steel now glitters in the Muses' shades.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh heav'n-born Sisters! source of art!
 Who charm the sense, or mend the heart; 10
 Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
 Moral Truth and mystic Song!
 To what new clime, what distant sky,
 Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
 Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore? 15
 Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

* Altered from Shakespeare by the Duke of Buckingham, at whose desire these two Choruses were composed, to supply as many wanting in his play. They were set many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-house.

STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
 When wild Barbarians spurn her dust;
 Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore
 Shall cease to blush with stranger's gore; 20
 See Arts her savage sons controul,
 And Athens rising near the pole!
 Till some new Tyrant lifts his purple hand,
 And civil madness tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods! what justice rules the ball? 25
 Freedom and Arts together fall;
 Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
 And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
 Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
 In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state! 30
 Still, when the lust of tyrant pow'r succeeds,
 Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

OH tyrant Love! hast thou possess'd
 The prudent, learn'd and virtuous breast?
 Wisdom and wit in vain-reclaim,
 And arts but soften us to feel thy flame,
 Love, soft intruder, enters here, 5
 But ent'ring learns to be sincere.
 Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
 And Brutus tenderly reproves.
 Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire,
 Which Nature hath impress'd? 10
 Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire
 The mild and gen'rous breast?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the Gods approve;
 The Gods and Brutus bend to love:
 Brutus for absent Porcia sighs,
 And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
 What is loose love? a transient gust,
 Spent in a sudden storm of lust,
 A vapour fed from wild desire,
 A wand'ring, self-consuming fire.
 But Hymen's kinder flames unite,
 And burn for ever one;
 Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
 Productive as the Sun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh source of ev'ry social tye,
 United wish, and mutual joy!
 What various joys on one attend,
 As son, as father, brother, husband, friend!
 Whether his hoary fire he spies,
 While thousand grateful thoughts arise;
 Or meets his spouse's fonder eye;
 Or views his smiling progeny;
 What tender passions take their turns,
 What home-felt raptures move!
 His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
 With rev'rence, hope and love.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmizes,
 Hence false tears, deceits, disguises,
 Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises;
 Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine:
 Purest love's unwasting treasure,
 Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
 Days of ease, and nights of pleasure;
 Sacred Hymen! these are thine.

ODE on SOLITUDE*.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air,
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread, 5
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years slide soft away, 10
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
 Together mix'd; sweet recreation;
 And innocence, which most does please 15
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I ly. 20

* This was a very early production of our Author, written at about twelve years of age.

The dying Christian to his SOUL.

O D E *.

I.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,
 Sister Spirit, come away.
 What is this absorbs me quite?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!
 Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring:
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 O Grave! where is thy Victory?
 O Death! where is thy Sting?

* This Ode was written in imitation of the famous Sonnet of Hadrian to his departing soul. See this Sonnet, Letters to and from Mr Steele, &c. letter 4th.

AN
ESSAY
ON
CRITICISM.

Written in the Year M.DCC.IX.

VOL. I.

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CONTENTS

OF THE

ESSAY on CRITICISM.

PART I.

[Introduction. That 'tis as great a fault to judge ill,
as to write ill, and a more dangerous one to the pu-
blic, v. 1.

That a true Taste is as rare to be found as a true Ge-
nius, v. 9 to 18.

That most men are born with some Taste, but spoil'd by
false Education, v. 19 to 25.

The multitude of Critics, and causes of them, v. 26 to 45.

That we are to study our own Taste, and know the Li-
mits of it, v. 46 to 67.

Nature the best guide of judgment, v. 68 to 87.

Improved by Art and Rules, which are but methodized
Nature, v. 88.

Rules derived from the practice of the Ancient Poets,
v. 88 to 110.

That therefore the Ancients are necessary to be studied
by a Critic, particularly Homer and Virgil, v. 120 to
138.

Of Licenses, and the use of them by the Ancients,
v. 140 to 180.

Reverence due to the Ancients, and praise of them,
v. 181, &c.

PART II. *ψ*. 203, &c.

Causes hindering a true Judgment. 1. Pride, *ψ*. 208. 2. Imperfect Learning, *ψ*. 215. 3. Judging by parts, and not by the whole, *ψ*. 233 to 288. Critics in Wit, Language, Verification, only, 288, 305, 339, &c. 4. Being too hard to please, or too apt to admire, *ψ*. 384. 5. Partiality—too much love to a Sect,—to the Ancients or Moderns, *ψ*. 394. 6. Prejudice or Prevention, *ψ*. 408. 7. Singularity, *ψ*. 424. 8. Inconstancy, *ψ*. 430. 9. Party Spirit, *ψ*. 452, &c. 10. Envy, *ψ*. 466. *Against Envy, and in praise of Good-nature, ψ*. 508, &c. *When severity is chiefly to be used by Critics, ψ*. 526, &c.

PART III. *ψ*. 560, &c.

Rules for the Conduct of Manners in a Critic. 1. Candour, *ψ*. 563. Modesty, *ψ*. 566. Good breeding, *ψ*. 572. Sincerity and Freedom of advice, *ψ*. 578. 2. *When one's Counsel is to be restrained, ψ*. 584. *Character of an incorrigible Poet, ψ*. 600. *And of an impertinent Critic, ψ*. 610, &c. *Character of a good Critic, ψ*. 629. *The History of Criticism, and Characters of the best Critics, Aristotle, ψ*. 645. Horace, *ψ*. 653. Dionysius, *ψ*. 665. Petronius, *ψ*. 667. Quintilian, *ψ*. 670. Longinus, *ψ*. 675. *Of the Decay of Criticism, and its Revival. Erasmus, ψ*. 693. Vida, *ψ*. 705. Boileau, *ψ*. 714. Lord Roscommon, &c. *ψ*. 725. Conclusion.

A N

E S S A Y

O N

C R I T I C I S M.

'TIS hard to say, if greater want of skill
 Appear in writing, or in judging ill;
 But of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence
 To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
 Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
 Ten censure wrong, for one who writes amiss;
 A fool might once himself alone expose,
 Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
 In Poets as true genius is but rare,
 True taste as seldom is the Critic's share;
 Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light,
 These born to judge, as well as those to write.

NOTE.

An Essay.] The Poem is in one book, but divided into three principal parts or members. The first (to ver. 201.) lays down rules for the *Study of the Art of Criticism*; the second (from thence to ver. 560.) exposes the *Causes of wrong Judgment*; and the third (from thence to the end) marks out the *Morals of the Critic*. When the Reader hath well considered the whole, hath observed the regularity of the plan, the masterly conduct of the several parts, the penetration into Nature, and the compass of learning so conspicuous throughout, he should then be told that it was the work of an author who had not attained the twentieth year of his age.

Let such teach others who themselves excel, 15
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true;
But are not Critics to their judgment too?

Yet, if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind: 20
Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd, }
So by false learning is good sense defac'd: }
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools, 26
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write, 30
Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.

NOTES.

ŷ. 15. *Let such teach others.*] "Qui scribit artificiose, ab
" aliis commode scripta facile intelligere poterit." Cic.
ad Heren. lib. iv. "De pictore, sculptore, fictore, nisi ar-
" tífex, judicare non potest." Pliny.

ŷ. 20. *Most have the seeds.*] "Omnes tacito quodam
" sensu, sine ulla arte, aut ratione, quae sint in artibus ac
" rationibus recta et prava dijudicant." Cic. de Orat.
lib. iii.

ŷ. 25. *So by false learning.*] "Plus sine doctrina pru-
" dentia, quam sine prudentia valet doctrina." Quint.

VARIATIONS.

Between ŷ. 25 and 26 were these lines, since omitted
by the Author:

Many are spoil'd by that pedantic throng,
Who with great pains teach youth to reason wrong:
Tutors, like Virtuoso's, oft inclin'd
By strange transfusion to improve the mind,
Draw off the sense we have to pour in new;
Which yet, with all their skill, they ne'er could do.

If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spight,
There are who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for Wits, then Poets past, 36
Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain Fools at last.

Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.

Those half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our isle, 40
As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;

Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal:

To tell 'em would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain Wit's, that might a hundred tire. 45

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a Critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet, 50
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.

As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains; 55

Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid pow'r of understanding fails;

Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.

One science only will one genius fit, 60
So vast is art, so narrow human wit;

Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in those confin'd to single parts.

Like kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,
By vain ambition still to make them more: 65

Each might his servile province well command,
Would all but sloop to what they understand.

116 ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
 By her just standard, which is still the same :
 Unerring NATURE! still divinely bright, 74
 One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
 Life, force and beauty, must to all impart,
 At once the source, and end, and test of Art.
 Art from that fund each just supply provides ;
 Works without show, and without pomp presides :
 In some fair body thus th' informing soul 76
 With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
 Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains ;
 Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.
 Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse, 80
 Want as much more, to turn it to its use ;
 For wit and judgment often are at strife,
 Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
 'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed,
 Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed ; 85
 The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
 Shews most true mettle when you check his course.
 Those RULES of old discover'd, not devis'd,
 Are Nature still, but Nature methodiz'd ;

NOTE.

ψ. 88. *Those rules of old, &c.*] Cicero has best explained what that is which reduces the wild and scattered parts of human knowledge into *arts*.—"Nihil est quod ad artem redigi possit, nisi ille prius, qui illa tenet, quorum artem instituere vult, habeat illam scientiam, ut ex iis rebus, quarum ars nondum sit, artem efficere possit.—Omnia fere quae sunt conclusa nunc artibus, dispersa et dissipata quondam fuerunt, ut in Musicis, &c. Adhibita est igitur ars quaedam extrinsecus ex alio genere quodam, quod sibi totum *Philosophi* assumunt, quae rem dissolutam divulsamque conglutenaret, et ratione quadam constringeret." De Orat. l. i. c. 41, 2.

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 80. There are whom Heav'n has blest with store of wit,
 Yet want as much again to manage it.

Nature, like Liberty, is but restrain'd 90
 By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.
 Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
 When to repress, and when indulge our flights :
 High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
 And pointed out those arduous paths they trod ; 95
 Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
 And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
 Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
 She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n.
 The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire, 100
 And taught the world with reason to admire.
 Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd,
 To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd :
 But following wits from that intention stray'd ;
 Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid ;
 Against the Poets their own arms they turn'd, 106
 Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
 So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art
 By doctors' bills to play the doctor's part,
 Bold in the practice of mistaken rules, 110
 Prescribe, apply, and call their masters Fools.
 Some on the leaves of ancient authors-prey,
 Nor Time nor Moths e'er spoil'd so much as they :
 Some drily plain, without Invention's aid,
 Write dull receipts how poems may be made. 115
 These leave the sense, their learning to display,
 And those explain the meaning quite away.
 You then whose judgment the right course wou'd steer,
 Know well each ANCIENT's proper character ;

NOTE.

¶ 98. *Just precepts.*] " Nec enim artibus editis factum
 " est ut argumenta inveniremus, sed dicta sunt omnia ante-
 " quam praeceperentur ; mox ea scriptores observata et col-
 " lecta ediderunt." *Quintil.*

His fable, subject, scope in ev'ry page ;
 Religion, country, genius of his age :
 Without all these at once before your eyes,
 Cavil you may, but never criticise.
 Be Homer's works your study and delight,
 Read them by day, and meditate by night ;
 Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
 And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
 Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse,
 And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.
 When first young Maro in his boundless mind
 A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,
 Perhaps he seem'd above the Critic's law,
 And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw :
 But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
 Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 123. *Cavil you may, but never criticise.*] The Author after this verse originally inserted the following, which he has however omitted in all the editions :

Zoilus, had these been known, without a name
 Had died, and Perault ne'er been damn'd to fame ;
 The sense of sound antiquity had reign'd,
 And sacred Homer yet been unprophan'd ;
 None e'er had thought his comprehensive mind
 To modern customs, modern rules confin'd,
 Who for all ages writ, and all mankind.

ψ. 130. When first young Maro sung of kings and wars,
 Ere warning Phoebus touch'd his trembling ears.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 130. *When first young Maro, &c.*] *Virg. Ecl. vi.*
Cum canerem reges et proelia, Cynthia aurem
Vellit.

It is a tradition preserved by Servius, that Virgil began with writing a poem of the Alban and Roman affairs ; which he found above his years, and descended first to imitate Theocritus on rural subjects, and afterwards to copy Homer in Heroic poetry.

Convinc'd; amaz'd, he checks the bold design;
 And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
 As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.
 Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
 To copy Nature is to copy them. 140

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
 For there's a happiness as well as care.
 Music resembles Poetry, in each
 Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
 And which a master-hand alone can reach. 145

If, where the rules not far enough extend,
 (Since rules were made but to promote their end)
 Some lucky License answer to the full
 Th' intent propos'd, that License is a rule.
 Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take, 150
 May boldly deviate from the common track.

Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
 And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend;
 From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art, 155
 Which without passing through the judgment, gains
 The heart, and all its end at once attains.

In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
 Which out of Nature's common order rise,
 The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice. 160

But though the Ancients thus their rules invade,
 (As kings dispense with laws themselves have made)
 Moderns, beware! or if you must offend
 Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;

NOTE.

y. 146. *If, where the rules, &c.*] "Neque enim rogati-
 "onibus plebisve scitis sancta sunt ista praecepta, sed hoc,
 "quicquid est, Utilitas excogitavit. Non negabo autem sic
 "utile esse plerumque; verum si eadem illa nobis aliud sua-
 "debit Utilitas, hanc, relictis magistrorum autoritatibus,
 "sequemur." *Quintil.* lib. ii. cap. 13.

Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need ;
 And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
 The Critic else proceeds without remorse,
 Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
 Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.
 Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
 Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
 Which, but proportion'd to their light or place,
 Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
 A prudent chief not always must display
 His pow'rs in equal ranks and fair array,
 But with th' occasion and the place comply,
 Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly:
 Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
 Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient Altar stands,
 Above the reach of sacrilegious hands ;
 Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
 Destructive War, and all-involving Age.
 See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
 Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring!
 In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
 And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
 Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days ;
 Immortal heirs of universal praise !

NOTES.

ψ. 175. *A prudent chief, &c.*] Οἷόν τι ποιῶσιν οἱ φρόνιμοι
 στρατηγὰι κατὰ τὰς τάξεις τῶν στρατευμάτων—Dion.
 Hal. De struct. orat.

ψ. 180. *Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.*
 “ Modeste, et circumspetto judicio de tantis viris pronun-
 “ ciandum est, ne (quod plerisque accidit) damnent quod
 “ non intelligunt. Ac si necesse est in alteram errare par-
 “ tem, omnia eorum legentibus placere, quam multa dis-
 “ plicere maluerim.” *Quint.*

Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
 As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
 Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
 And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
 O may some spark of your celestial fire, 195
 The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
 (That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights;
 Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
 To teach vain wits a science little known,
 T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own! 200
 Of all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
 Is PRIDE, the never-failing vice of fools.
 Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd, 205
 She gives in large recruits of needful Pride:
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:
 Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense. 210
 If once bright Reason drives that cloud away,
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
 Trust not yourself; but, your defects to know,
 Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.
 A *little learning* is a dang'rous thing; 215
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts, 220
 While from the bounded level of our mind,
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
 But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise
 New distant scenes of endless science rise!

So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try, 235
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
 But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way, 239
 Th' encreasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of Wit
 With the same spirit that its author writ:
 Survey the WHOLE, nor seek slight faults to find 235
 Where Nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
 Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
 The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
 But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
 Correctly cold, and regularly low, 240
 That shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;
 We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep:
 In wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
 Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts:
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call, 245
 But the joint force and full result of all.
 Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
 (The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
 No single parts unequally surprise,
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes; 250

NOTE.

ψ. 233. *A perfect judge, &c.*] “Diligenter legendum est
 “ac paene ad scribendi sollicitudinem: Nec per partes
 “modo scrutanda sunt omnia, sed perlectus liber utique ex
 “integro resumendus.” *Quint.*

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 225. So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps to try,
 Fill'd with ideas of fair Italy,
 The traveller beholds with chearful eyes
 The less'ning vales, and seems to tread the skies.

No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The Whole at once is bold, and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In ev'ry work regard the writer's end, 255

Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors, must the less commit. 260

Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays;
For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
Most Critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the Whole depend upon a Part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize, 265
And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they say,
A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,
Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage; 270
Concluding all were desp'rate sots and fools,
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our Author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produc'd his play, and begg'd the Knight's advice:
Made him observe the subject, and the plot, 275
The manners, passions, unities; what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out.

"What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the Knight.
Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite. 280

"Not so, by Heav'n, (he answers in a rage),
"Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage."
So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.
"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

Thus Critics of less judgment than caprice, 285
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,
Form short ideas; and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to *Conceit* alone their taste confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line; 290
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit,
One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part, 295
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
'True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind. 300
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.

Others for *Language* all their care express, 305
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still,—the style is excellent;
The sense, they humbly take upon content.

NOTES.

Y. 285. *Thus Critics of less judgment than caprice, Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice.*] In these two lines the Poet finely describes the way in which bad writers are wont to imitate the qualities of good ones.

Y. 297. *True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd, &c.*] This definition is very exact. Mr Locke had defined Wit to consist "in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, whereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy."

"Naturam intueamur, hanc sequamur: id facillime accipiunt animi quod agnoscunt," *Quintil. lib. viii. c. 3.*

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found. 310
 False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
 Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place;
 The face of Nature we no more survey,
 All glares alike, without distinction gay :
 But true expression, like th' unchanging sun, 315 }
 Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon,
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
 Expression is the dress of thought, and still
 Appears more decent, as more suitable;
 A vile conceit in pompous words express'd 320
 Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd :
 For diff'rent styles with diff'rent subjects fort,
 As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
 Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
 Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense; 325
 Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
 Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
 Unlucky, as Fungosa in the play, }
 These sparks with awkward vanity display
 What the fine gentleman wore yesterday; 330 }
 And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
 As apes our grandfathers, in their doublets dress'd.

NOTES.

ψ. 324. *Some by old words, &c.*] “ Abolita et abrogata
 “ retinere, insolentiae cujusdam est, et frivola in parvis
 “ jactantiae.” *Quint.* lib. i. c. 6.

“ Opus est, ut verba a vetustate repetita neque crebra sint
 “ neque manifesta, quia nil est odiosius affectatione, nec
 “ utique ab ultimis repetita temporibus. Oratio cujus sum-
 “ ma virtus est perspicuitas, quam sit vitiosa, si egeat inter-
 “ prete? Ergo ut novorum optima erunt maxime vetera,
 “ ita veterum maxime nova.” *Idem.*

ψ. 328. *Unlucky as Fungosa, &c.*] See Ben Johnson's *Every*
Man in his Humour.

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic, if too new or old:

Be not the first by whom the new are try'd, 335
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song;
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
In the bright Muse tho' thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire; 340
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there. }

These equal syllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire; 345

While expletives their feeble aid do join;
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:

While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes:

Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze," 350

In the next line, it "whispers through the trees:"

If chrysal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"

The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep:"

Then, at the last and only couplet, fraught

With some unmeaning thing they call a thought, 355

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,

That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

NOTES.

ψ. 337. *But most by numbers, &c.]*

Quis populi sermo est? quis enim? nisi carmina molli

Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per laeve severos

Effundat junctura unguis: scit tendere versum

Non secus ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno.

Perf. Sat. i.

ψ. 345. *Tho' oft the ear, &c.]* "Fugiemus crebras vo-

"calium concursiones, quae vastam atque hiantem oratio-

"nem reddunt." Cic. ad Heren. lib. iv. Vide etiam

Quint. lib. ix. c. 4.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes; and know
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;
 And praise the easy vigour of a line, 360
 Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
 The sound must seem an Echo to the sense: 365
 Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours and the words move slow: 371
 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
 Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise! 375
 While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:

NOTE.

ψ. 374. *Hear how Timotheus', &c.*] See Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music; an Ode by Mr Dryden.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 366. *Soft is the strain, &c.*]

Tum si laeta canunt, &c. Vida Poet. l. iii. ver. 403.

ψ. 368. *But when loud surges, &c.*]

Tum longe sale saxa sonant, &c. Vida ib. 388.

ψ. 370. *When Ajax strives, &c.*]

Atque ideo si quid geritur molimine magno, &c.

Vida ib. 417.

ψ. 372. *Not so, when swift Camilla, &c.*]

At mora si fuerit damno, properare jubebo, &c.

Vida ib. 420.

Persians and Greeks like turns of Nature found, 380
And the world's victor stood subdu'd by sound!
The pow'r of Music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is DRYDEN now.

Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of such
Who still are pleas'd too little or too much. 385
At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence;
That always shews great pride, or little sense:
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move; 390
For fools admire, but men of sense approve:
As things seem large which we thro' mists descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
The Ancients only, or the Moderns prize; 395
Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd.
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimed, 400
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
Though each may feel encreases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days. 405
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by precedent, 410
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of author's names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.

Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
 That in proud dulness joins with quality; 415
 A constant Critic at the great man's board,
 To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.
 What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
 In some starv'd hackney sonneteer, or me!
 But let a lord once own the happy lines, 420
 How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
 Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
 And each exalted stanza teems with thought!
 The Vulgar thus thro' imitation err;
 As oft the Learn'd, by being singular: 425
 So much they scorn the croud, that if the throng
 By chance go right, they purposely go wrong:
 So Schismatics the plain believers quit,
 And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
 Some praise at morning what they blame at night;
 But always think the last opinion right. 431
 A Muse by these is like a mistress us'd,
 This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
 While their weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,
 'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side. 435
 Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say;
 And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
 We think our fathers fools; so wise we grow;
 Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
 Once School-divines this zealous isle o'er-spread;
 Who knew most sentences was deepest read: 441
 Faith, gospel, all seem'd made to be disputed,
 And none had sense enough to be confuted.
 Scotists and Thomists now in peace remain,
 Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane. 445

NOTE.

Y. 444. *Scotists.*] So denominated from Johannes Duns Scotus.

If Faith itself has different dresses worn,
 What wonder modes in Wit should take their turn?
 Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
 The current folly proves the ready wit;
 And Authors think their reputation safe, 450
 Which lives as long as Fools are pleas'd to laugh.
 Some valuing those of their own side or mind,
 Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
 Fondly we think we honour merit then,
 When we but praise ourselves in other men. 455
 Parties in Wit attend on those of State,
 And public faction doubles private hate.
 Pride, Malice, Folly, against Dryden rose,
 In various shapes of Parsons, Critics, Beaus:

NOTES.

℥. 444. *Thomists.*] From Thomas Aquinas, a truly great genius, who was, in those blind ages, the same in theology that Friar Bacon was in natural philosophy: less happy than our own countryman in this, that he soon became surrounded with a number of dark glossers, who never left him till they had extinguished the radiance of that light which had pierced through the thickest night of Monks, the thirteenth century, when the Waldenses were suppressed, and Wickliffe not yet risen.

℥. 445. *Duck-lane.*] A place where old and second-hand books were sold formerly, near Smithfield.

VARIATIONS.

℥. 447. Between this and ver. 448.

The rhyming Clowns that gladed Shakespeare's age,
 No more with crambo entertain the stage.
 Who now in Anagrams their patron praise,
 Or sing their Mistress in Acrostic lays?
 Ev'n pulpits pleas'd with merry puns of yore;
 Now all are banish'd to th' Hibernian shore!
 Thus leaving what was natural and fit,
 The current folly prov'd their ready wit;
 And authors thought their reputation safe,
 Which liv'd as long as fools were pleas'd to laugh.

But sense surviv'd, when merry jests were past; 460
For rising merit will buoy up at last.

Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise:
Nay should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead. 465

Envy will Merit, as its shade, pursue;
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true:
For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own
When first that sun too pow'rful beams displays, 470
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost, who stays 'till all commend. 475
Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.

No longer now that golden age appears,
When Patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years:
Now length of Fame (our second life) is lost, 480
And bare threescore is all even that can boast;

Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright idea of the master's mind, 485

Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give, 490
And each bold figure just begins to live,
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
 Atones not for that envy which it brings. 495
 In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
 But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost :
 Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
 That gayly blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
 What is this Wit, which must our cares employ? 500
 The owner's wife, that other men enjoy ;
 Then most our trouble still when most admir'd,
 And still the more we give, the more requir'd ;
 Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
 Sure some to vex, but never all to please ; 505
 'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
 By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone !

If Wit so much from Ign'rance undergo,
 Ah let not learning too commence its foe!
 Of old, those met rewards who could excel, 510
 And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well.
 Tho' triumphs were to gen'als only due,
 Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
 Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
 Employ their pains to spurn some others down ; 515
 And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
 Contending wits become the sport of fools :
 But still the worst with most regret commend,
 For each ill author is as bad a friend.
 To what base ends, and by what abject ways, 520
 Are mortals urg'd thro' sacred lust of praise !
 Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
 Nor in the Critic let the man be lost.
 Good-nature and good-sense must ever join ;
 To err is human, to forgive, divine. 525

But if in noble minds some dregs remain
 Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain ;

Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
 Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
 No pardon vile obscenity should find, 530
 Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind;
 But dulness with obscenity must prove
 As shameful sure as impotence in love.
 In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
 Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase;
 When love was all an easy Monarch's care; 536
 Seldom at council, never in a war:
 Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ;
 Nay wits had pensions, and young lords had wit:
 The Fair sat panting at a Courtier's play, 540
 And not a mask went unimprov'd away:
 The modest fan was lifted up no more,
 And Virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.
 The following license of a foreign reign
 Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain; 548
 Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,
 And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
 Where Heav'n's free subjects might their rights dispute,
 Left God himself should seem too absolute:
 Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare, 550
 And Vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
 Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
 And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
 These monsters, Critics! with your darts engage,
 Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage! 558
 Yet shun their fault who, scandalously nice,
 Will needs mistake an author into vice:

NOTE.

Y. 547. The Author has omitted two lines which stood here, as containing a *national reflection*, which in his stricter judgment he could not but disapprove on any people whatever.

All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

LEARN then what MORALS Critics ought to show;
For 'tis but half a judge's task, to know. 561

'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join;
In all you speak, let truth and candour shine:

That not alone what to your sense is due
All may allow; but seek your friendship too. 565

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense;
And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence:

Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who if once wrong, will needs be always so;
But you, with pleasure, own your errors past, 570
And make each day a critique on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;
Men must be taught, as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot. 575
Without good-breeding, truth is disapprov'd;
'That only makes superior sense belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust, 580
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.

Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.

'Twere well might Critics still this freedom take;
But Appius reddens at each word you speak, 585
And stares, tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.

NOTE.

[*Ps.* 586. *And stares, tremendous, &c.*] This picture was taken to himself by John Dennis, a furious old critic by profession, who, upon no other provocation, wrote against this Essay, and its author, in a manner perfectly lunatic:

ESSAY ON CRITICISM. 235

Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
 Whose right it is, uncensur'd, to be dull :
 Such, without wit, are Poets when they please, 590
 As without learning they can take degrees.
 Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful satires,
 And flattery to fulsome dedicators,
 Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more,
 Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er. 595
 'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
 And charitably let the dull be vain :
 Your silence there is better than your spite,
 For who can rail so long as they can write ?
 Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep, 600
 And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
 False steps but help them to renew the race,
 As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
 What crouds of these, impenitently bold,
 In sounds, and jingling syllables grown old, 605
 Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
 Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
 Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
 And rhyme with all the rage of impotence.
 Such shameless Bards we have ; and yet 'tis true.
 There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too. 610
 The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
 With loads of learned lumber in his head,
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
 And always list'ning to himself appears. 615
 All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
 From Dryden's Fables down to Dursley's Tales.

NOTE.

for as to the mention made of him in ver. 270. he took it
 as a compliment, and said it was treacherously meant to
 cause him to overlook this *Abuse of his Person*.

With him, most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.

Name a new Play, and he's the Poet's friend, 619
Nay show'd his faults—but when would Poets mend!
No place so sacred from such sops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's churchyard:
Nay, fly to Altars; there they'll talk you dead;
For Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread. 625
Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,
And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
Bursts out, restless, with a thund'ring tide. 630

But where's the man who counsel can bestow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbias'd, or by favour, or by spite;
Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right;
Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, sincere;
Modestly bold, and humanly severe; 636
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfinn'd:
A knowledge both of books and human kind; 640
Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And love to praise, with reason on his side?

NOTE.

Y. 619. *Garth did not write, &c.*] A common slander at that time in prejudice of that deserving author. Our Poet did him this justice when that slander most prevailed; and it is now (perhaps the sooner for this very verse) dead and forgotten.

VARIATIONS.

Y. 623. between this and ver. 624.

In vain you shrug and sweat, and strive to fly;
These know no *Manners* but of Poetry.
They'll stop a hungry chaplain in his grace,
To treat of Unities of time and place.

Such once were Critics ; such the happy few,
 Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
 The mighty Stagirite first left the shore, 645
 Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore ;
 He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
 Led by the Light of the Mæonian Star.
 Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
 Still fond and proud of savage liberty, 650
 Receiv'd his laws ; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
 Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er Wit.
 Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
 And without method talks us into sense,
 Will, like a friend, familiarly convey 655
 The truest notions in the easiest way.
 He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
 Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
 Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sung with fire ;
 His Precepts teach but what his works inspire. 660
 Our Critics take a contrary extreme,
 They judge with fury, but they write with flegm :
 Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
 By Wits, than Critics in as wrong quotations.

NOTES.

ψ. 652. *Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er Wit.*]
 By this is not meant *physical* Nature, but *moral*.

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 648 and 649, were the following lines, since
 suppressed by the Author :

That bold Columbus of the realm of wit,
 Whose first discov'ry's not exceeded yet,
 Led by the light of the Mæonian Star,
 He steer'd securely, and discover'd far.
 He, when all Nature was subdu'd before,
 Like his great Pupil, sigh'd, and long'd for more :
 Fancy's wild regions yet unvanquish'd lay,
 A boundless empire, and that own'd no sway.
 Poets, &c.

See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine, 665
 And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!
 Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
 The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find
 The justest rules and clearest method join'd: 670
 Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
 All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace;
 But less to please the eye than arm the hand,
 Still fit for use, and ready at command.

Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire, 675
 And bless their Critic with a Poet's fire.
 An ardent Judge, who, zealous in his trust,
 With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
 Whose own example strengthens all his laws;
 And is himself that great Sublime he draws. 680

Thus long succeeding Critics justly reign'd,
 License repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.
 Learning and Rome alike in empire grew;
 And Arts still follow'd where her Eagles flew:
 From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom, 685
 And the same age saw Learning fall, and Rome.
 With Tyranny then Superstition join'd,
 As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;
 Much was believ'd, but little understood,
 And to be dull was constru'd to be good; 690
 A second deluge Learning thus, o'er-run,
 And the Monks finish'd what the Goths begun.

NOTE.

ψ. 665. See Dionysius.] Of Halicarnassus,

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 690. and 691. the Author omitted these two:
 Vain Wits and Critics were no more allow'd,
 When none but Saints had license to be proud.

At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the Priesthood, and the shame!)
Stem'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age, 695
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see! each Muse, in LEO's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays;
Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head. 700
Then Sculpture and her Sister Arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising Temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.

Immortal Vida! on whose honour'd brow 705
The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

But soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd; 710
Thence Arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But Critic-learning flourish'd most in France:

The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys;
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd, 715
And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd;

Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.
Yet some there were, among the sounder few
Of those who less presum'd, and better knew, 720
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,

And here restore Wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,
"Nature's chief Masterpiece is writing well."

NOTE.

ψ. 723. *Such was the Muse.*] *Essay on Poetry* by the Duke
of Buckingham. Our Poet was not the only one of his time:

Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good, 713
 With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
 To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
 And ev'ry author's merit but his own.
 Such late was Walfsh—the Muse's judge and friend,
 Who justly knew to blame or to commend; 730
 To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
 The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
 This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,
 This praise at least a grateful Muse may give;
 The Muse, whose early voice you taught to sing, 735
 Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
 (Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
 But in low numbers short excursions tries:
 Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
 The learn'd reflect on what before they knew: 740
 Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
 Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
 Averse alike to flatter or offend;
 Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

NOTE.

who complimented this Essay, and its noble Author. Mr Dryden had done it very largely in the Dedication to his Translation of the Aeneid; and Dr Garth, in the first edition of his Dispensary, says,

The Tyber now no courtly Gallus sees,

But smiling Thames enjoys his Normanbys.

Though afterwards omitted, when parties were carried so high in the reign of Queen Anne, as to allow no commendation to an opposite in politics. The Duke was all his life a steady adherent to the Church of England party, yet an enemy to the extravagant measures of the Court in the reign of Charles II. On which account, after having strongly patronized Mr Dryden, a coolness succeeded between them on that Poet's absolute attachment to the Court, which carried him some lengths beyond what the Duke could approve of.

THE
R A P E
OF THE
L O C K.

AN
HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

Written in the year M. DCC. XII.

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T O

MRS ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to you : yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a bookseller, you had the good nature, for my sake, to consent to the publication of one more correct : This I was forced to, before I had executed half my design, for the Machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The Machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the Critics, to signify that part which the Deities, Angels, or Demons, are made to act in a Poem : For the ancient Poets are in one respect like many modern Ladies : let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These Machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrucian doctrine of Spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a Lady; but it is so much the concern of a Poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your Sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which, both in its title and size, is so like a Novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by Spirits which they call *Sylphs*, *Gnomes*, *Nymphs*, and *Salamanders*. The *Gnomes*, or *Dæmons* of Earth, delight in mischief; but the *Sylphs*, whose habitation is in the air, are the best-conditioned creatures imaginable. For they say, any mortal may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle Spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true Adepts, an inviolate preservation of Chastity.

As to the following Cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous as the Vision at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end; (except the loss of your hair, which I always mention with reverence.) The Human persons are as fictitious as the Airy ones: and the character of Belinda, as it is managed, resembles you in nothing but in Beauty.

If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in your Person, or in your Mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so un-censured as You have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem,

MADAM,

Your most obedient, humble Servant,

A. POPE.

T H E

R A P E of the L O C K.

* Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;

Sed juvat hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.

Mort.

C A N T O I.

W H A T dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
 What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
 I sing—This verse to CARYL, Muse! is due:
 This ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view.

* It appears by this Motto, that the following Poem was written or published at the Lady's request. But there are some further circumstances not unworthy relating. Mr Caryl (a gentleman who was secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II. whose fortunes he followed into France, author of the Comedy of *Sir Solomon Single*, and of several translations in Dryden's *Miscellanies*) originally proposed the subject to him, with a view of putting an end, by this piece of ridicule, to a quarrel that had risen between two noble families, those of Lord Petre and of Mrs Fermor, on the trifling occasion of his having cut off a lock of her hair. The Author sent it to the Lady, with whom he was acquainted; and she took it so well as to give about copies of it. That first sketch, (we learn from one of his Letters), was written in less than a fortnight, in 1711, in two Cantos only, and it was so printed; first, in a miscellany of Bern. Lintot's, without the name of the author. But it was received so well, that he made it more considerable the next year, by the addition of the machinery of the Sylphs, and extended it to five Cantos. We shall give the reader the pleasure of seeing in what manner these additions were inserted, so as to seem not to be added, but to grow out of the Poem. See Notes, Canto i. ver. 19, &c.

This insertion he always esteemed, and justly, the greatest effort of his *skill* and *art* as a Poet.

Vol. I.

N

146 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
A well-bred Lord t' assault a gentle Belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord?
In tasks so bold can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the day;
Now lap-dogs gave themselves the rousing shake, 13
And sleepless lovers just at twelve awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian SYLPH prolong'd the balmy rest: 20

NOTES.

ψ. 19. *Belinda still, &c.*] All the verses from hence to the end of this Canto were added afterwards.

ψ. 20. *Her guardian Sylph.*] When our author had projected to give this Poem its present form, he was obliged to find it with its machinery. And that sort of Machinery which his judgment taught him was alone fit for his use, his admirable invention supplied. There was but one system which was to his purpose, the *Rosicrucian Philosophy*; and this, by the well directed effort of his imagination, he presently seized upon. The fanatic Alchymists, in their

VARIATIONS.

- ψ. 11. 12. It was in the first editions,
And dwells such rage in softest bosoms then,
And lodge such daring souls in little men?
ψ. 13, &c. stood thus in the first edition,
Sol thro' white curtains did his beams display,
And op'd those eyes which brighter shone than they;
Shook just had giv'n himself the rousing shake,
And Nymphs prepar'd their Chocolate to take;
Thrice the wrought slipper knock'd against the ground,
And striking watches the tenth hour resound.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 147

'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head:
A youth more glitt'ring than a birthnight-beau,
(That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay, 25
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say.

Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touch'd thy infant-thought,
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught; - 30
Of airy elves by moonlight-shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,

NOTES.

Search after the great secret, had invented a *means* altogether proportioned to their *end*. It was a heterogeneous kind of Theological Philosophy, made up of almost equal mixtures of Pagan Platonism, Christian Quietism, and the Jewish Cabbala. This general system, he tells us, he took as he found it in a little French tract, called *Le Compte de Gubalis*, a delicate and very ingenious piece of raillery of the Abbe Villiers, upon that invisible sect, of which the stories that went about that time made a great noise at Paris. But as, in this satirical dialogue, (for it is written in that form), Mr P. found several whimsies, of a very high mysterious kind, told of the nature of these elementary beings, which were very unfit to come into the machinery of such a sort of poem, he has, in their stead, made use of the Legendary stories of Guardian Angels, and the Nursery Tales of the Fairies; which he has artfully accommodated to the rest of the *Rosicrucian System*. And to this, (unless we will be so uncharitable to believe he intended to give a needless offence), we must suppose he referred, in these two lines:

If e'er one Vision touch'd thy infant thought,
Of all the *nurse* and all the *priest* have taught.

Thus, by the most beautiful invention imaginable, he has contrived, that as, in the serious Epic, the popular belief supports the Machinery; so, in his mock epic, the Machinery should be contrived to dismount philosophic pride and arrogance.

148 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Or virgins visited by angel pow'rs,
 With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;
 Hear and believe! thy own importance know, 35
 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
 Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
 To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:
 What tho' no credit doubting Wits may give?
 The Fair and Innocent shall still believe. 40
 Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
 The light Militia of the lower sky:
 These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
 Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring.
 Think what an equipage thou hast in air, 45
 And view with scorn two Pages and a Chair.
 As now your own, our beings were of old,
 And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould;
 Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
 From earthly vehicles to those of air. 50
 Think not, when Woman's transient breath is fled,
 That all her vanities at once are dead;
 Succeeding vanities she still regards,
 And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
 Her joy in gilded Chariots, when alive, 55
 And love of Ombre, after death survive.
 For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
 To their first Elements their souls retire:
 The spirits of fiery Termagants in flame
 Mount up, and take a Salamander's name. 60
 Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
 And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental tea.

IMITATIONS.

Y. 54. 55. — quae gratia currum
 Armorumque fuit vivis, quae cura nitente
 Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repositos,
 Virg. Aen. vi.

The graver Prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair, 65
And sport and flutter in the fields of Air.

Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd:
For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please. 70
What guards the purity of melting Maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires, 75
When music softens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their Sylph, the wise Celestials know,
Though Honour is the word with men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
For life predestin'd to the Gnomes' embrace. 80
These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd:
Then gay ideas croud the vacant brain,
While Peers, and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear, 85
And in soft sounds, Your Grace salutes their ear.
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
Teach infant-cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a Beau. 90

NOTES.

Y. 78. *Tho' Honour is the word with men below.*] Parody of Homer.

Y. 79. — *too conscious of their face,*] i. e. too sensible of their beauty.

Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
 The Sylphs thro' mystic mazes guide their way;
 'Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue,
 And old impertinence expel by new.
 What tender maid but must a victim fall 95
 To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
 When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
 If gentle Damion did not squeeze her hand?
 With varying vanities, from every part,
 They shift the moving Toy-shop of their heart; 100
 Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-
 knots strive,

Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
 This erring mortals Levity may call;
 Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

Of these am I, who thy protection claim, 105
 A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
 Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
 In the clear mirrour of thy ruling Star
 I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
 Ere to the main this morning sun descend; 110
 But Heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
 Warn'd by thy Sylph, oh, pious maid, beware!
 This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
 Beware of all, but most beware of Man! [long,
 He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too
 Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
 'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true, 115
 Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux;

NOTE.

ψ. 108. *In the clear mirrour.*] The language of the Platonists, the writers of the intelligible world of spirits, &c.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 101. Jam clypeus clypeis, umbone repellitur umbo,
 Enseminax ensis, pede pes, et cuspide cuspis, &c.
 Stat.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 155

Wounds, Charms, and Ardors, were no sooner read,
But all the vision vanish'd from thy head. 120

And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the Cosmetic pow'rs.
A heav'nly Image in the glass appears; 125
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears :

NOTE.

Y. 121. *And now, unveil'd, &c.*] The translation of these verses, containing the description of the toilette, by our Author's friend Dr Parnell, deserve, for their humour, to be here inserted.

" Et nunc dilectum speculum, pro more reiectum,
" Emicat in mensa, quae splendet pyxide densa :
" Tum primum lympba se purgat candida nympha ;
" Jamque sine menda, coelestis imago videnda,
" Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet ocellos.
" Haec stupet implorans, ceu cultus numen adorans.
" Inferior claram Pythonissa apparet ad aram,
" Fertque tibi caute, dicatque superbia ! laute,
" Dona venusta ; oris, quae cunctis, plena laboris,
" Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
" Pyxide devota, se pandet hic India tota,
" Et tota ex ista transpirat Arabia cista ;
" Testudo hic flectit cum se mea Lesbia pectit ;
" Atque elephas lente, te pectit Lesbia dente ;
" Hunc maculis noris, nivei jacet ille coloris,
" Hic jacet et munde, mundus muliebris abunde ;
" Spinula resplendens aeris longo ordine pendens,
" Pulvis suavis odore et epistola suavis amore,
" Induit arma ergo Veneris pulcherrima virgo ;
" Pulchrior in praesens tempus de tempore crescens
" Jam reparat risus, jam surgit gratia visus,
" Jam promit cultu, miracula latentia vultu ;
" Pigmina jam miscet, quo plus sua purpura gliscet,
" Et geminans bellis splendet mage fulgor ocellis.
" Stant Lemures muti, Nymphae intentique salutis,
" Hic figit zonam, capiti locat ille coronam ;
" Haec manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam ;
" Et tibi vel Betty, tibi vel nitidissima Letty !
" Gloria factorum temere conceditur horum."

'Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,
 Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride.
 Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
 The various off'rings of the world appear; 130
 From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
 And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
 This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
 The Tortoise here and Elephant unite, 135
 Transform'd, to combs, the speckled and the white.
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
 Ruffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
 Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
 The fair each moment rises in her charms, 140
 Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face:
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
 The busy Sylphs surround their darling care, 145
 These set the head, and those divide the hair,
 Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
 And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

NOTE.

Ψ. 145. *The busy Sylphs, &c.*] Ancient traditions of the Rabbis relate, that several of the fallen angels became amorous of women, and particularise some; among the rest Asael, who lay with Naamah the wife of Noah, or of Ham; and who continuing impenitent, still presides over the women's toilets. Bereſſhi Rabbi, in Gen. vi. 2.

T H E

R A P E of the L O C K.

C A N T O II.

NOT with more glories, in th' etherial plain,
 The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
 Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
 Fair nymphs, and well-dress'd youths, around her
 But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone. [stone,
 On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore, 7
 Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those : 10
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends ;
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride, 15
 Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide :
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.
 This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
 Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
 In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck 21
 With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.

V A R I A T I O N S.

V. 4. *Launch'd on the bosom, &c.*] From hence the Poem
 continues, in the first edition, to ver. 46.

The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air ;
 All after, to the end of this Canto, being additional.

154 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray, 25
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And Beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd. 30
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd 35
Propitious Heav'n, and ev'ry Pow'r ador'd;
But chiefly Love—to Love an Altar built,
Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves. 40
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
The Pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r, 45
The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides:

NOTES.

ψ. 25. *With hairy springes.*] In allusion to Anacreon's manner.

ψ. 28. —*with a single hair.*] In allusion to those lines of Hudibras, applied to the same purpose:

And though it be a two-foot trout,
'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 45. *The Pow'rs gave ear.*] Virg. Aen. xi.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 155

While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die : 50

Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.

All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppress'd,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.

He summons strait his Denizens of air ; 55

The lucid squadrons round the sails repair :

Soft o'er the shrouds ærial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath.

Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,

Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold ; 60

Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,

Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.

Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,

Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dip'd in the richest tincture of the skies, 65

Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,

While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,

Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.

Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,

Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd ; 70

His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,

He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear,

Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons hear !

Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd 75

By laws eternal to th' ærial kind.

Some in the fields of purest æther play,

And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.

Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,

Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky. 80

Some, less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light

Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,

Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main, 85
 Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
 Others on earth o'er human race preside,
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
 Of these the chief the care of Nations own,
 And guard with arms divine the British Throne. 90

Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
 Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care;
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale:
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs; 95
 To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in show'rs,
 A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs:
 Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
 To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow. 100

This day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair
 That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
 Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;
 But what, or where, the Fates have wrap'd in night.
 Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law, 105
 Or some frail China-jar receive a flaw;
 Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
 Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade;
 Or lose her heart, or necklace at a ball;
 Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.

NOTE.

ψ. 105. *Whether the nymph, &c.*] The trifle, which makes the subject of this Poem, being taken *seriously*, naturally led the Poet into this fine satire on the female estimate of human mischances.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 357

Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge, repair; 111

The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;

The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;

And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;

Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite lock; 115

Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,

We trust th' important charge, the Petticoat :

Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,

Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale;

Form a strong line about the silver bound, 121

And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,

His post neglects, or leaves the Fair at large,

Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins, 125

Be stop'd in viols, or transfix'd with pins;

Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes ly,

Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye :

Gums and Pomatums shall his flight restrain,

While clog'd he beats his silken wings in vain; 130

Or Allum styptics with contracting pow'r

Shrink his thin essence like a shrivel'd flow'r :

Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel

The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,

In fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow, 135

And tremble at the sea that froths below!

IMITATIONS.

Y. 119.—*clypei dominus septemplex Ajax.* Ovid.

Y. 121.—*about the silver bound.*] In allusion to the shield of Achilles.

Thus the broad shield complete the artist crown'd

With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round :

In living *silver* seem'd the waves to roll,

And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.

158 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

He spoke ; the spirits from the fails descend ;
Some, orb in orb, around the Nymph extend ;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair ;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear ;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate,

141

R A P E of the L O C K.

C A N T O III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with
flow'rs,

Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name,
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom 5
Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home ;
Here thou, great ANNA! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea—

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste a while the pleasures of a Court : 10
In various talk th' instructive hours they pass,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last :
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen ;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes ; 15
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With finging, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray ; 20
The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that Jurymen may dine;

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 1. *Close by those meads.*] The first edition continues from this line to ver. 24. of this Canto.

ψ. 11, 12. Originally in the first edition,
In various talk the chearful hours they pass,
Of who was bit, or who capotted last.

160 THE RAPÉ OF THE LOCK.

The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
 And the long labours of the toilet cease.
 Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites, 25
 Burns to encounter two advent'rous Knights,
 At Ombre singly to decide their doom ;
 And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
 Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
 Each band the number of the sacred nine. 30
 Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aerial guard
 Descend, and sit on each important card :
 First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadora,
 Then each according to the rank he bore ;
 For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race, 35
 Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
 With hoary whiskers and a forky beard :
 And four fair Queens, whose hands sustain a flow'r,
 Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r ; 40
 Four Knaves, in garbs succinct, a trusty band ;
 Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand ;
 And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
 Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful Nymph reviews her force with care :
 Let Spades be trumps ! she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her fable Matadores, 47
 In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.

NOTE.

Y. 47. *Now move to war, &c.*] The whole idea of this description of a game at Ombre is taken from Vida's description of a game at Chess, in his Poem intitled *Scacchia Ludus*.

VARIATIONS.

Y. 24. *And the long labours of the toilet cease.*] All that follows of the game at Ombre, was added since the first edition, till ver. 105. which connected thus:

Sudden the board with cups and spoons is crown'd.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 161

Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord !
 Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board. 50
 As many more Manilio forc'd to yield,
 And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
 Him Basto follow'd ; but his fate more hard
 Gain'd but one trump, and one Plebeian card.
 With his broad fabre next, a chief in years, 55

The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
 Puts forth one manly leg, to fight reveal'd,
 The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
 The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage. 60
 Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
 And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
 Sad chance of war ! now destitute of aid,
 Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade !

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield ; 65
 Now to the Baron Fate inclines the field.
 His warlike Amazon her host invades,
 Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
 The Club's black tyrant first her victim dy'd,
 Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride : 70
 What boots the regal circle on his head,
 His giant limbs in state unwieldy spread ;
 That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
 And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe ?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace ; 75
 Th' embroider'd King who shews but half his face,
 And his resurgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd,
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
 Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
 With throngs promiscuous strow the level green. 80
 Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
 Of Asia's troops, and Afric's fable sons,

162 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

With like confusion diff'rent nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye :
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall, 85
In heaps on heaps ; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance !) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look ; 90
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.

And now, (as oft in some distemper'd state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate.
An Ace of Hearts steps forth : the King unseen 95
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen :
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.

'The Nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky ;
The walls, the woods, and long canals, reply. 100
O thoughtless mortals ! ever blind to Fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo ! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round ; 106
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp ; the fiery spirits blaze :

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 103. *Sudden the board, &c.*] From hence the first edition continues to ver. 134.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 101. *Nescia mens hominum fati fortisque futurae,
Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis !
Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta ; et cum spolia ista diemque
Oderit.* Virg.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 163

From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide : 110
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the Fair her airy band ;
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd, 115
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain. 120
Ah cease, rash youth ! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate !
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair !

But when to mischief mortals bend their will, 125
How soon they find fit instruments of ill !
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case :
So ladies, in Romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight. 130
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers ends ;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.

NOTE.

ψ. 122. *and think of Scylla's fate !*] Vide Ovid. Met. viii.

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 134. In the first edition it was thus :
As o'er the fragrant stream she bends her head,
First he expands the glitt'ring forfex wide
T' inclose the Lock ; then joins it to divide :
The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever. ψ. 154.
All that is between was added afterwards.

164 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Swift to the Lock a thousand sprites repair, 133
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
 And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
 Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
 Just in that instant, anxious Ariel fought
 The close recesses of the Virgin's thought; 140
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
 He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind:
 Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
 An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
 Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd, 145
 Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring forfex wide,
 T'inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
 Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
 A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd; 150
 Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,
 (But airy substance soon unites again);
 The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
 From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
 And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies. 155
 Not louder shrieks to pitying Heav'n are cast,
 When husbands, or when lap-dogs breathe their last;
 Or when rich China vessels, fall'n from high,
 In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments ly! 160

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
 (The Victor cry'd) the glorious prize is mine!
 While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
 Or in a coach and six the British Fair,

NOTE.

ψ. 152. *But airy substance.*] See Milton, lib. iv. of Satan cut asunder by the angel Michael,

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 165

As long as Atalantis shall be read,
 Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed,
 While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
 When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
 While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
 So long my honour, name, and praise shall live! 170
 What Time would spare, from Steel receives its date,
 And monuments, like men, submit to Fate!
 Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,
 And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;
 Steel could the works of mortal pride confound, 175
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
 What wonder then, fair Nymph! thy hair should feel
 The conqu'ring force of unresisted Steel?

NOTE.

ψ. 165. *Atalantis*.] A famous book written about that time by a woman: full of Court and Party-scandal; and in a loose effeminacy of style and sentiment, which well suited the debauched taste of the better vulgar.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 163, 170.

Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
 Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt. *Virg.*

ψ. 177. Ille quoque everfus mons est, &c.

Quid faciant crines, cum ferro talia cedant:
 Catull. de com. Berenices.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON
FROM THE FOUNDATION
TO THE PRESENT
TIME
BY
JOHN STOW
1618

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T H E

R A P E of the L O C K.

C A N T O IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive Nymph oppress'd,
 And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
 Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
 Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
 Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss, 5
 Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
 Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
 Not Cynthia when her mantau's pinn'd awry,
 E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
 As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair. 10

For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
 And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
 Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
 As ever sully'd the fair face of light,
 Down to the central earth, his proper scene, 15
 Repair'd to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
 And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.

VARIATIONS.

Y. 11. *For, that sad moment, &c.*] All the lines from hence to the 94th verse, that describe the house of Spleen, are not in the first edition; instead of them followed only these:

While her rack'd soul repose and peace requires,
 The fierce Thalestris fans the rising fires.
 and continued at the 94th verse of this Canto.

IMITATIONS

X. 1. *At regina gravi, &c. Virg. Aen. iv.*

768 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

No chearful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded East is all the wind that blows: 20
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her penfive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne; alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face. 26
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With store of prayers, for mornings, nights, and
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons, [noons,
There Affectation, with a sickly mien, 31
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride;
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe, 35
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant Vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise; 40
Dreadful, as hermits dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids:
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires;
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes, 45
And crystal domes, and Angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living Tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout: 50
A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks;

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 169

Men prove with child, as pow'rful Fancy works,
 And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.
 Safe past the Gnome thro' this fantastic band, 55
 A branch of healing Spleen-wort in his hand.
 Then thus address'd the Pow'r——Hail, wayward
 Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen: [Queen!
 Parent of vapours, and of female wit,
 Who give th' hysteric or poetic fit, 60
 On various tempers act by various ways,
 Make some take phyfic, others scribble plays;
 Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
 And send the godly in a pet to pray:
 A Nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains, 65
 And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
 But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
 Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
 Like Citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
 Or change complexions at a losing game: 70
 If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
 Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
 Or caus'd suspicion when no foul was rude,
 Or discompos'd the head-dress of a Prude,
 Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease, 75
 Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
 Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin;
 That single act gives half the world the spleen.
 The Goddess with a discontented air
 Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his pray'r. 80

NOTE.

Y. 52. *And there a goose pye talks.*] Alludes to a real fact, a Lady of distinction imagin'd herself in this condition.

IMITATIONS.

Y. 51. *Homer's Tripod walks.*] See Homer's Iliad xviii, of Vulcan's walking Tripods.

VOL. I.

P

370 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

A wond'rous bag with both her hands she binds,
 Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
 There she collects the force of female lungs,
 Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
 A vial next she fills with fainting fears, 85
 Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
 The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
 Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.
 Sunk in Thalestris' arms the Nymph he found,
 Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound. 90
 Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
 And all the Furies issu'd at the vent.
 Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
 And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire,
 O wretched maid! she spread her hands, and cry'd, 95
 (While Hampton's echoes, Wretched maid! reply'd)
 Was it for this you took such constant care
 The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
 For this your locks in paper durance bound,
 For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around? 100
 For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
 And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
 Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
 While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare!
 Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd shrine 105
 Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
 Methinks already I your tears survey,
 Already hear the horrid things they say,
 Already see you a degraded toast,
 And all your honour in a whisper lost! 110
 How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend.
 And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
 Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 171

And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays, 115
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze!

Sooner shall grafs in Hyde-park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to Chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all! 120

She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane):
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face, 125
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case;
And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the
"devil!

"Z—ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you must be
"civil!

"Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay, prithee, pox!
"Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.

It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again) 131
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain:
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours shall renew, 135
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.

NOTE.

ψ. 121. *Sir Plume repairs.*] Sir George Brown. He was the only one of the party who took the thing seriously. He was angry that the Poet should make him talk nothing but nonsense; and, in truth, one could not well blame him.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 133. *But by this Lock.*] In allusion to Achilles's oath in Homer, Il. i.

172 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head. 140

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see! the Nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head, 145
Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said:

For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen! 150
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid
By love of courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
Oh had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way, 155
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam?
O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home! 160
'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell,
'Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
'The tott'ring China shook without a wind,
Nay Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of Fate, 165
In mystic visions now believ'd too late!

NOTE.

Y. 141, 142. *But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so; He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.*] These two lines are additional; and assign the cause of the different operation on the passions of the two Ladies. The Poem went on before without that distinction, as without any machinery, to the end of the Canto.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 173

See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck; 170
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands,
Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize 175
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!

T H E

R A P E of the L O C K.

C A N T O V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears.
 But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's cars.
 In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
 For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
 Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
 While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
 Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
 Silence ensu'd, and thus the Nymph began.

Say, why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
 The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast? 10

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 7. *Then grave Clarissa, &c.*] A new character introduced in the subsequent editions, to open more clearly the *Moral* of the Poem, in a parody of the speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 9. *Say, why are Beauties, &c.*] Why boast we, Glaucus! our extended reign,
 Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain;
 Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,
 And hills where vines their purple harvest yield,
 Our foaming bowls with purer Nectar crown'd,
 Our feast enhanc'd with Music's sprightly sound;
 Why on those shores are we with joy survey'd,
 Admir'd as heroes, and as gods obey'd;
 Unless great acts superior merit prove,
 And vindicate the bounteous pow'rs above?
 'Tis ours, the dignity they give, to grace;
 The first in valour, as the first in place:
 That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands
 Behold our deeds transcending our commands,

Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
 Why Angels call'd, and Angel-like ador'd?
 Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd Beaux,
 Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
 How vain are all these glories, all our pains, 15
 Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
 That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
 Behold the first in virtue as in face!
 Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
 Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old age away; 20
 Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
 Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
 To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,
 Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
 But since, alas! frail beauty must decay; 25
 Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to gray;
 Since painted, or not painted, all must fade,
 And she who scorns a man, must die a maid;
 What then remains, but well our pow'r to use,
 And keep good humour still, whate'er we lose? 30
 And trust me, Dear! good-humour can prevail,
 When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail,
 Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
 Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

IMITATIONS.

Such, they may cry, deserve the sov'reign state,
 Whom those that envy, dare not imitate.
 Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
 Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
 For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
 In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war.
 But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
 Disease, and Death's inexorable doom;
 The life which others pay let us bestow,
 And give to Fame what we to Nature owe;
 Brave though we fall, and honour'd if we live,
 Or let us glory gain, or glory give.

276 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

So spoke the Dame, but no applause ensu'd; 35
 Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her Prude.
 To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
 And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
 All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
 Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
 Heroes and Heroines' shouts confus'dly rise, 41
 And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
 No common weapon in their hands are found,
 Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage, 45
 And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage;
 'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes' arms;
 And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
 Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
 Blew Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound: 50
 Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
 And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!

Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
 Clapp'd his glad wings, and sate to view the fight:

NOTE.

ψ. 45. *So when bold Homer.*] Homer, II. xx.

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 37. *To arms, to arms!*] From hence the first edition goes on to the conclusion, except a very few short insertions added, to keep the machinery in view to the end of the Poem.

ψ. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel.*] These four lines added, for the reason before mentioned.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 35. *So spoke the Dame.*] It is a verse frequently repeated in Homer after any speech.

So spoke—and all the heroes applauded.

ψ. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel.*] Minerva in like manner, during the battle of Ulysses with the Suitors, in *Odys.* perches on a beam of the roof to behold it.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 177

Prop'd on their bodkin spears, the Sprites survey 55
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While thro' the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A Beau and Witling perish'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song.

"O cruel Nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
"Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last. 60

Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lyes 65
Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the Beau reviv'd again. 70

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the Men's wits against the Lady's hair:
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside. 75

See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who fought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold Lord, with manly strength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd: 80
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of Snuff the wily virgin threw;

IMITATIONS.

Y. 64. *Those eyes are made so killing.*] The words of a
song in the Opera of Camilla.

Y. 65. *Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lyes.*]
Sic ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis,

Ad vada Mæandri concinit albus oler.

Qu. Ep.

378 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows, 85
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandfire wore about his neck, 90
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she gingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs, 95
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

Boast not my fall (he cry'd) insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind! 100
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.

Restore the Lock! she cries; and all around
Restore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain 105
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In ev'ry place is sought, but fought in vain: 110

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 83. *The Gnomes direct.*] These two lines added for the above reason.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 89. *The same, his ancient personage to deck.*] In imitation of the progress of Agamemnon's sceptre in Homer, Il. ii.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 179

With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
 So Heav'n decrees! with Heav'n who can contest?
 Some thought it mounted to the Lunar sphere,
 Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
 There Hero's wits are kept in pond'rous vases, 115
 And Beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
 There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
 And lovers hearts with ends of ribband bound,
 The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
 The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs, 120
 Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
 Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upwards rise,
 Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes :
 (So Rome's great founder to the Heav'ns withdrew,
 To Proculus alone confess'd in view) : 126
 A sudden Star, it shot thro' liquid air,
 And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
 Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright,
 The heav'ns bespangling with dishevel'd light. 130
 The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
 And pleas'd pursue its progress thro' the skies.

This the Beau Monde shall from the Mall survey,
 And hail with music its propitious ray.
 This the blest Lover shall for Venus take, 135
 And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
 This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
 When next he looks thro' Galilæo's eyes ;

NOTES.

Y. 114. *Since all things lost.*] Vide Ariosto, Canto xxxiv.

Y. 137. *This Partridge soon.*] John Partridge was a ridiculous Stargazer, who in his Almanacs every year never failed to predict the downfall of the Pope and the King of France, then at war with the English.

And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome. 140

Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere! [hair,
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye, 145
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust;
This Lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name. 150

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 131. *The Sylphs behold.*] These two lines added for the same reason, to keep in view the machinery of the Poem.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 128. *Flammiferumque trahens spatioso limite crinem
Stella micat.* Ovid.

E L E G Y

To the MEMORY of an
UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beck'ning ghost along the moon-light
 shade
 Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
 'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,
 Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
 Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
 Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?
 To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
 To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
 Is there no bright reversion in the sky
 For those who greatly think, or bravely die? 10
 Why bade ye else, ye Pow'rs! her soul aspire
 Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
 Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;
 The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods:
 Thence to their images on earth it flows, 15
 And in the breasts of Kings and Heroes glows.
 Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
 Dull fullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
 Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
 Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres: 20

* See the Duke of Buckingham's verses to a Lady design-
 ing to retire into a monastery, compared with Mr Pope's
 Letters to several Ladies, p. 206. quarto edition. She seems
 to be the same person whose unfortunate death is the sub-
 ject of this Poem.

Like eastern Kings a lazy state they keep,
 And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.
 From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
 Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.

As into air the purer spirits flow,
 And separate from their kindred dregs below;
 So flew the soul to its congenial place,
 Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
 'Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
 See on those ruby lips the trembling breath,
 These cheeks, now fading at the blast of death;
 Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
 And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
 Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
 Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
 On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
 And frequent herbes shall besiege your gates.
 There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
 (While the long fun'erals blacken all the way)
 Lo! these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
 And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
 Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
 The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
 So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
 For others good, or melt at others woe.

What can atone (oh ever injur'd shade!)
 Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
 No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
 Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier:
 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
 By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!

ELEGY.

183

What tho' no friends in sable weeds appear, 55
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
 And bear about the mockery of woe
 To midnight dances, and the public show ?
 What tho' no weeping Loves thy ashes grace, 60
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face ?
 What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb ?
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dress'd,
 And the green turf ly lightly on thy breast :
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow, 65
 There the first roses of the year shall blow ;
 While Angels with their silver wings o'er shade
 The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.
 So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame, 70
 How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot :
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee ;
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be !
 Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung, 75
 Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
 Even he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
 Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays :
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart ; 80
 Life's idle bus'ness at one gasp be o'er,
 The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more !

184
P R O L O G U E

T O

MR ADDISON'S TRAGEDY

O F

C A T O.

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream thro' ev'ry age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying Love, we but our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as Patriots shed for dying Laws:
He bids your breast with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys,

PROLOGUE TO CATO. 183

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little Senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his Country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed? 25
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state; 30
As her dead father's rev'rend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
The world's great Victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd, 35
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And show you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd: 40
Your scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such plays alone should win a British ear; 45
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

E P I L O G U E

T O

MR ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

Designed for Mrs OLDFIELD.

PRODIGIOUS this! the Frail-one of our Play
 From her own sex should mercy find to-day!
 You might have held the pretty head aside,
 Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cry'd,
 The Play may pass—but that strange creature, Shore,
 I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore— 6
 Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
 And thanks his stars he was not born a fool;
 So from a sister sinner you shall hear,
 “ How strangely you expose yourself, my dear.” 10
 But let me die, all raillery apart,
 Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;
 And, did not wicked custom so contrive,
 We'd be the best good-natur'd things alive.
 There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale, 15
 That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
 Such rage without betrays the fire within;
 In some close corner of the soul they sin;
 Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
 Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice. 20
 The godly dame—who fleshly failings damns,
 Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.
 Would you enjoy soft nights, and solid dinners?
 Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with
 luners.

EPILOGUE TO JANE SHORE. 187

Well, if our Author in the Wife offends, 25
He has a Husband that will make amends:
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving;
And sure such kind good creatures may be living.
In days of old they pardon'd breach of vows,
Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse: 30
Plu—Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life?
Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his Wife:
Yet if a friend a night or so should need her,
He'd recommend her as a special breeder.
To lend a wife, few here would scruple make; 35
But, pray, which of you all would take her back?
Tho' with the Stoic Chief our stage may ring,
The Stoic Husband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
And lov'd his country—but what's that to you? 40
Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
But the kind cuckold might instruct the City:
There many an honest man may copy Cato,
Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.
If after all, you think it a disgrace 45
That Edward's Miss thus perks it in your face;
To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
In all the rest so impudently good;
Faith let the modest Matrons of the town
Come here in crouds, and stare the strumpet down. 50

LETTER TO THE LORD

My Lord,

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst.

and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities.

I am, Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. B. [Signature]

Enclosed I have the pleasure to send you a copy of the report of the committee.

I am, Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. B. [Signature]

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst.

and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities.

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J. B. [Signature]

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S A P P H O

T O

P H A O N.

THE ARGUMENT.

PHAON, a youth of exquisite beauty, was deeply enamoured of *Sappho*, a lady of *Lesbos*, from whom he met with the tenderest returns of passion: but his affection afterwards decaying, he left her, and sailed for *Skily*. She, unable to bear the loss of her lover, hearkened to all the mad suggestions of despair; and seeing no other remedy for her present miseries, resolved to throw herself into the sea, from *Leucate* a promontary of *Epirus*, which was thought a cure in cases of obstinate love, and therefore had obtained the name of the Lover's leap. But before she ventured upon this last step, entertaining still some fond hopes that she might be able to reclaim her inconstant, she wrote him this *Epistle*; in which she gives a strong picture of her distress and misery, occasioned by his absence; and endeavours, by all the artful insinuations and moving expressions she is mistress of, to sooth him to softness and a mutual feeling.

ANON.

S A P P H O

T O

P H A O N.

SAY, lovely youth, that dost my heart command,
 Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
 Must then her name the wretched writer prove,
 To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?
 Ask not the cause that I new numbers chuse, 5
 The lute neglected, and the Lyric muse:
 Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
 And tun'd my heart to Elegies of woe.
 I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd corn
 By driving winds the spreading flames are born. 10
 Phaon to Ætna's scorching fields retires,
 While I consume with more than Ætna's fires!

ECQUID, ut inspecta est studiosæ littera dextræ,
 Protinus est oculis cognita nostra tuis?
 An, nisi legisses auctoris nomina Sapphus,
 Hoc breve nescires unde movetur opus?
 Forsitan et quare mea sint alterna requiras 5
 Carmina, cum lyricis sim magis apta modis.
 Flendus amor meus est; elegia flebile carmen;
 Non facit ad lachrymas barbitos ulla meas.
 Urer, ut, indomitis ignem exercentibus Euris,
 Fertilis accensis messibus ardet ager. 10
 Arva Phaon celebrat diversa Typhoidos Ætnæ,
 Me calor Ætnæo non minor igne coquit.

No more my soul a charm in music finds,
 Music has charms alone for peaceful minds.
 Soft scenes of solitude no more can please,
 Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.
 No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,
 Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
 All other loves are lost in only thine,
 Ah youth ungrateful to a flame like mine !
 Whom would not all those blooming charms surprise,
 Those heav'nly looks, and dear deluding eyes ?
 The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
 A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear;
 Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair,
 Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare :
 Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame,
 One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame;
 Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
 Than ev'n those Gods contend in charms with thee.

Nec mihi, dispositis quæ jungam carmina nervis,
 Proveniunt; vacuæ carmina mentis opus.
 Nec me Pyrrhiades Methymniadesve puellæ,
 Nec me Lesbium cætera turba juvant.
 Vilis Anactorie, vilis mihi candida Cydno :
 Non oculis grata est Atthis, ut ante, meis ;
 Atque aliæ centum, quas non sine crimine amavi :
 Improbe, multarum quod fuit, unus habes.
 Est in te facies, sunt apti lusibus anni.
 O facies oculis insidiosa meis !
 Sume fidem et pharetram ; fies manifestus Apollo :
 Accedant capiti cornua ; Bacchus eris.
 Et Phœbus Daphnen, et Gnosida Bacchus amavit ;
 Nec norat lyricos illa, vel illa modos.

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

193

The Muses teach me all their softest lays,
 And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise.
 Tho' great Alcæus more sublimely sings,
 And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
 No less renown attends the moving lyre 35
 Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire :
 To me what nature has in charms deny'd,
 Is well by wit's more lasting flames supply'd.
 Tho' short my stature, yet my name extends 40
 To heav'n itself and earth's remotest ends.
 Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
 Inspir'd young Perseus with a gen'rous flame ;
 Turtles and doves of diff'ring hues unite,
 And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.
 If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign, 45
 But such as merit, such as equal thine,
 By none, alas ! by none thou canst be mov'd,
 Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd !

At mihi Pegasides blandissima carmina dictant :

Jam canitur toto nomen in orbe meum.
 Nec plus Alcæus, consors patriæque lyræque,
 Laudis habet, quamvis grandius ille sonet. 35

Si mihi difficilis formam natura negavit ;
 Ingenio formæ damna rependo meæ.
 Sum brevis ; at nomen, quod terras impleat omnes, 40

Est mihi ; mensuram nominis ipsa fero.

Candida si non sum, placuit Cepheio Perseo
 Andromede, patriæ fusca colore suæ :

Et variis albæ junguntur sæpæ columbæ,
 Et niger a viridi turtur amatur ave. 45

Si, nisi quæ facie poterit te digna videri,
 Nulla futura tua est ; nulla futura tua est.

At me cum legeres, etiam formosa videbar ;
 Unam jurabas usque decere loqui. 50

VOL. I.

R

Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
 Once in her arms you center'd all your joy : 30
 No time the dear remembrance can remove,
 For oh ! how vast a memory has love ?
 My Music, then, you could for ever hear,
 And all my words were music to your ear.
 You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue, 55
 And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
 In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best ;
 And the last joy was dearer than the rest.
 'Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
 You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd, 60
 'Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,
 And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.
 The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame ;
 Why was I born, ye Gods ! a Lesbian dame ?
 But ah, beware, Sicilian nymphs ! nor boast 65
 That wand'ring heart which I so lately lost ;
 Nor be with all those tempting words abus'd,
 Those tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.

Cantabam, memini (meminerunt omnia amantes)
 Oscula cantanti tu mihi raptâ dabas. 55
 Hæc quoque laudabas : omnique a parte placebam,
 Sed tum præcipue, cum sit amoris opus.
 Tunc te plus solito lascivia nostra juvabat, 60
 Crebraque mobilitas, aptaque verba joco ;
 Quique, ubi jam amborum fuerat confusa voluptas,
 Plurimus in lassæ corpore languor erat.
 Nunc tibi Sicelides veniunt nova præda puellæ ;
 Quid mihi cum Lesbæ ? Sicelis esse volo.
 At vos erronem tellure remittite nostrum, 65
 Nisiades matres, Nisiadesque nurus.
 Neu vos decipiant blandæ mendacia linguæ :
 Quæ dicit vobis, dixerat ante mihi.

And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
 Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains! 70
 Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
 And still increase the woes so soon begun?
 Inur'd to sorrow from my tender years,
 My parents ashes drank my early tears:
 My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame, 75
 Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame:
 An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
 And all a mother's cares distract my breast.
 Alas! what more could fate itself impose,
 But thee, the last and greatest of my woes? 80
 No more my robes in waving purple flow,
 Nor on my hand the sparkling di'monds glow;

Tu quoque quæ montes celebras, Erycina, Sicanos,
 (Nam tua sum) vati consule, diva, tuæ. 70
 An gravis inceptum peragit fortuna tenorem?
 Et manet in cursu semper acerba suo?
 Sex mihi natales ierant, cum lecta parentis
 Ante diem lacrymas ossa bibere meas.
 Arsit inops frater, victus meretricis amore; 75
 Mistaque cum turpi damna pudore tulit.
 Factus inops agili peragit freta cœrula remo:
 Quasque male amisit, nunc male quærit opes:
 Me quoque, quod monui bene multa fideliter, odit.
 Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit.
 Et tanquam defint, quæ me sine fine fatigent,
 Accumulat curas filia parva meas.
 Ultima tu nostris accedis causa querelis: 80
 Non agitur vento nostra carina suo.
 Ecce jacent collo sparsi sine lege capilli;
 Nec premit articulos lucida gemma meos.

No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse
 The costly sweetness of Arabian dew,
 Nor braids of gold the varied tresses bind, 85
 That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind :
 For whom should Sappho use such arts as these ?
 He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please !
 Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
 Still is there cause for Sappho still to love : 90
 So from my birth the Sisters fix'd my doom,
 And gave to Venus all my life to come ;
 Or, while my Muse in melting notes complains,
 My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.
 By charms like thine which all my soul have won, 95
 Who might not—ah ! who would not be undone ?
 For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,
 And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn.
 For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
 And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep. 100

Veste tegor vili : nullum est in crinibus aurum :
 Non Arabo noster rore capillus olet. 85
 Cui colar infelix ? aut cui placuisse laborem ?
 Ille mihi cultus unicus auctor abest.
 Molle meum levibus cor est violabile telis ;
 Et semper causa est, cur ego semper amem. 90
 Sive ita nascenti legem dixere Sorores,
 Et data sunt vitæ fila severa meæ ;
 Sive abeunt studia in mores, artesque magistræ,
 Ingenium nobis molle Thalia facit.
 Quid mirum, si me primæ lanuginis ætas 95
 Abstulit, atque anni, quos vir amare potest ?
 Hunc ne pro Cephalo raperes, Aurora, timebam :
 Et faceres ; sed te prima rapina tenet.
 Hunc si conspiciat, quæ conspicit omnia, Phœbe ;
 Jussus erit somnos continuare Phaon. 100

SAPPHO TO PHAON. 197

Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
 But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
 O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy!
 O useful time for lovers to employ!
 Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race, 105
 Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace!
 The vows you never will return, receive;
 And take at least the love you will not give.
 See, while I write, my words are lost in tears!
 The less my sense, the more my love appears. 110
 Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
 (At least to feign was never hard to you :)
 Farewell, my Lesbian love, you might have said;
 Or coldly thus, Farewell, oh Lesbian maid!
 No tear did you, no parting kiss receive, 115
 Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
 No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
 And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.

Hunc Venus in cœlum curru vexisset eburno;
 Sed videt et Marti posse placere suo.
 O nec adhuc juvenis, nec jam puer! utilis ætas!
 O decus, atque ævi gloria magna tui! 105
 Huc ades, inque sinus, formosæ, relabere nostros:
 Non ut ames oro, verum ut amare sinas.
 Scribimus, et lacrymis oculi rorantur abortis:
 Aspice, quam fit in hoc multa litura loco. 110
 Si tam certus eras hinc ire, modestius ïsses,
 Et modo dixisses: Lesbî puella, vale.
 Non tecum lacrymas, non oscula summa tulisti; 115
 Denique non timui, quod dolitura fui.
 Nil de te mecum est, nisi tantum injuria: nec tu,
 Admoneat quod te pignus amantis habes.

No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
 But this, Be mindful of our loves, and live. 122
 Now by the Nine, those pow'rs ador'd by me,
 And Love, the God that ever waits on thee,
 When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
 That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
 Like some sad statue, speechless, pale I stood, 125
 Grief chill'd my breast, and stopt my freezing blood;
 No sigh to rise, no tear had pow'r to flow,
 Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe:
 But when its way th' impetuous passion found,
 I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound; 130
 I rave, then weep; I curse, and then complain;
 Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.
 Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
 Whose first-born infant feeds the fun'ral flame.
 My scornful brother with a smile appears, 135
 Insults my woes and triumphs in my tears,

Non mandata dedi; neque enim mandata dedissem
 Ulla, nisi ut nolles immemor esse mei. — 120
 Per tibi, qui nunquam longe discedat, Amorem,
 Perque Novem juro, numina nostra, Deas;
 Cum mihi nescio quis, Fugiant tua gaudia, dixit:
 Nec me flere diu, nec potuisse loqui: 125
 Et lacrymæ deerant oculis, et lingua palato:
 Astrictum gelido frigore pectus erat.
 Postquam se dolor invenit; nec pectora plangi,
 Nec puduit scissis exululare comis: 130
 Non aliter quam si nati' pia mater adempti
 Portet ad extructos corpus inane, rogos.
 Gaudet et e nostro crescit mœrore Charaxus 135
 Frater; et ante oculos itque reditque meos.

His hated image ever haunts my eyes;
 And why this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.
 Stung with my love and furious with despair,
 All torn my garments, and my bosom bare, 140
 My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
 Such inconsistent things are love and shame!
 'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
 My daily longing, and my dream by night:
 Oh night more pleasing than the brightest day, 145
 When fancy gives what absence takes away,
 And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,
 Restores my fair deserter to my arms!
 Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine;
 Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine: 150
 A thousand tender words I hear and speak;
 A thousand melting kisses give and take:
 Then fiercer joys, I blush to mention these,
 Yet, while I blush, confess how much they please.

Utque pudenda mei videatur causa doloris;
 Quid dolet hæc? certe filia vivit, ait.
 Non veniunt in idem pudor atque amor: omne videbat
 Vulgus; eram lacero pectus aperta sinu. 140
 Tu mihi cura, Phaon; te somnia nostra reducunt;
 Somnia formoso candidiora die. 145
 Illic te invenio, quanquam regionibus absis;
 Sed non longa satis gaudia somnus habet.
 Sæpe tuos nostra cervice onerare lacertos,
 Sæpe tuæ videor supposuisse meos. 150
 Blandior interdum; verisque simillima verba
 Eloquor; et vigilant sensibus ora meis.
 Oscula cognosco; quæ tu committere linguæ,
 Aptaque consuêras accipere; apta dare.
 Uteriora pudet narrare; sed omnia fiunt,
 Et juvat, et sine te non libet esse mihi.

But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly, 155
 And all things wake to life and joy, but I,
 As if once more forsaken, I complain,
 And close my eyes to dream of you again:
 Then frantic rise, and like some Fury rove
 Thro' lonely plains, and thro' the silent grove: 160
 As if the silent grove, and lonely plains,
 That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.
 I view the Grotto, once the scene of love,
 The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
 That charm'd me more, with native moss o'ergrown,
 Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone. 166
 I find the shades that veil'd our joys before;
 But, Phaon gone, those shades delight no more.
 Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray
 Where oft entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay; 170
 I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,
 And all with tears the with'ring herbs bedew.

At cum se Titan ostendit, et omnia secum; 155
 Tam cito me somnos destituisse queror.
 Antra nemusque peto, tanquam nemus antraque
 profint. 160

Conscia deliciis illa fugere tuis.
 Illuc mentis inops, ut quam furialis Erichtho
 Impulit, in collo crine jacente feror.
 Antra vident oculi scabro pendentia topho,
 Quæ mihi Mygdonii marmoris instar erant.
 Invenio sylvam, quæ sæpe cubilia nobis 166
 Præbuit, et multa texit opaca coma.
 At non invenio dominum sylvæque, meumque.
 Vile solum locus est: dos erat ille loci.
 Agnovi pressas noti mihi cespitis herbas: 170
 De nostro curvum pondere gramen erat.

SAPPHO TO PHAON. 201

For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds defer their songs till thy return:
Night shades the groves, and all in silence ly, 175
All but the mournful Philomel and I:
With mournful Philomel I join my strain,
Of Tereus she, of Phaon I complain.

A spring there is, whose silver waters show,
Clear as a glass, the shining sands below; 180
A flow'ry Lotos spreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove;
Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
Watch'd by the sylvan genius of the place.
Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood, 185
Before my sight a wat'ry Virgin stood:
She stood and cry'd, " O you that love in vain!
" Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main. 188
" There stands a rock, from whose impending steep
" Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep;

Incubui, tetigique locum qua parte fuisti;
Grata prius lacrymas combibit herba meas.
Quinetiam rami positis lugere videntur
Frondeb; et nullæ dulce queruntur aves. 175
Sola virum non ulta pie mœstissima mater
Concinit Ismarium Daulias ales Ityn.
Ales Ityn, Sappho desertos cantat amores:
Hactenus, ut media cætera nocte silent. 180
Est nitidus, vitroque magis perlucidus omni,
Fons sacer; hunc multi numen habere putant.
Quem supra ramos expandit aquatica lotos,
Una nemus; tenero cespite terra viret. 185
Hic ego cum lassos posuissem fletibus artus,
Constitit ante oculos Naias una meos:
Constitit, et dixit, " Quoniam non ignibus æquis 188
" Uteris, Ambracias terra petenda tibi.

" There injur'd lovers leaping from above,
 " Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
 " Deucalion once with hopeleſs fury burn'd,
 " In vain he lov'd, relentleſs Pyrrha ſcorn'd :
 " But when from hence he plung'd into the main,
 " Deucalion ſcorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain. 196
 " Haſte, Sappho, haſte, from high Leucadia throw
 " Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!"
 She ſpoke, and vaniſh'd with the voice—I riſe,
 And ſilent tears fall trickling from my eyes. 199
 I go, ye Nymphs! thoſe rocks and ſeas to prove;
 How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!
 I go, ye Nymphs! where furious love inſpires;
 Let female fears ſubmit to female fires. 204
 To rocks and ſeas I fly from Phaon's hate,
 And hope from ſeas and rocks a milder fate.
 Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
 And ſoftly lay me on the waves below!

" Phœbus ab excelfo, quantum patet, aſpicit æquor:
 " Aëtiacum populi Leucadiumque vocant.
 " Hinc ſe Deucalion Pyrrhæ ſuccenſus amore
 " Miſit, et illæſo corpore preſſit aquas. 195
 " Nec mora: verſus Amor tetigit lentiffima Pyrrhæ
 " Pectora; Deucalion igne levatus erat.
 " Hanc legem locus ille tenet: pete protinus altam
 " Leucada; nec ſaxo deſiluiffe time."
 Ut monuit, cum voce abiit. Ego frigida ſurgo: 200
 Nec gravidæ lacrymas continuere genæ.
 Ibimus, O Nymphæ, monſtrataque ſaxa petemus.
 Sit procul infano victus amore timor. 204
 Quicquid erit, melius quam nunc erit: aura, ſubito,
 Et mea non magnum corpora pondus habent.

SAPPHO TO PHAON. 103

And thou, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain,
 Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
 Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood prophane!
 On Phœbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow, 212
 And this inscription shall be plac'd below:
 "Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,
 "Sappho to Phœbus consecrates her Lyre; 215
 "What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee;
 "The gift, the giver, and the God agree."
 But why, alas! relentless youth, ah why
 To distant seas must tender Sappho fly?
 Thy charms than those may far more pow'rful be, 220
 And Phœbus' self is less a God to me.
 Ah! canst thou doom me to the rocks and sea,
 O far more faithless and more hard than they?
 Ah! canst thou rather see this tender breast
 Dash'd on these rocks than to thy bosom press'd? 225

Tu quoque mollis Am̃r, pennas suppone cadenti:
 Ne sim Leucadiæ mortua crimen aquæ.
 Inde chelyn Phœbo communia munera ponam: 212
 Et sub ea versus unus et alter erunt.
 "Grata lyram posui tibi, Phœbe, pœtria Sappho: 215
 "Convenit illa mihi, convenit illa tibi."
 Cur tamen Actiacas miseram me mittis ad oras,
 Cum profugum possis ipse referre pedem?
 Tu mihi Leucadia potes esse salubrior unda: 220
 Et forma et meritis tu mihi Phœbus eris.
 An potes, ô scopulis undaque ferocior illa,
 Si moriar, titulum mortis habere meæ?
 At quanto melius jungi mea pectora tecum,
 Quam poterant saxi præcipitanda dari! 225
 Hæc sunt illa, Phaon, quæ tu laudare solebas;
 Viscæque sunt toties ingeniosa tibi.

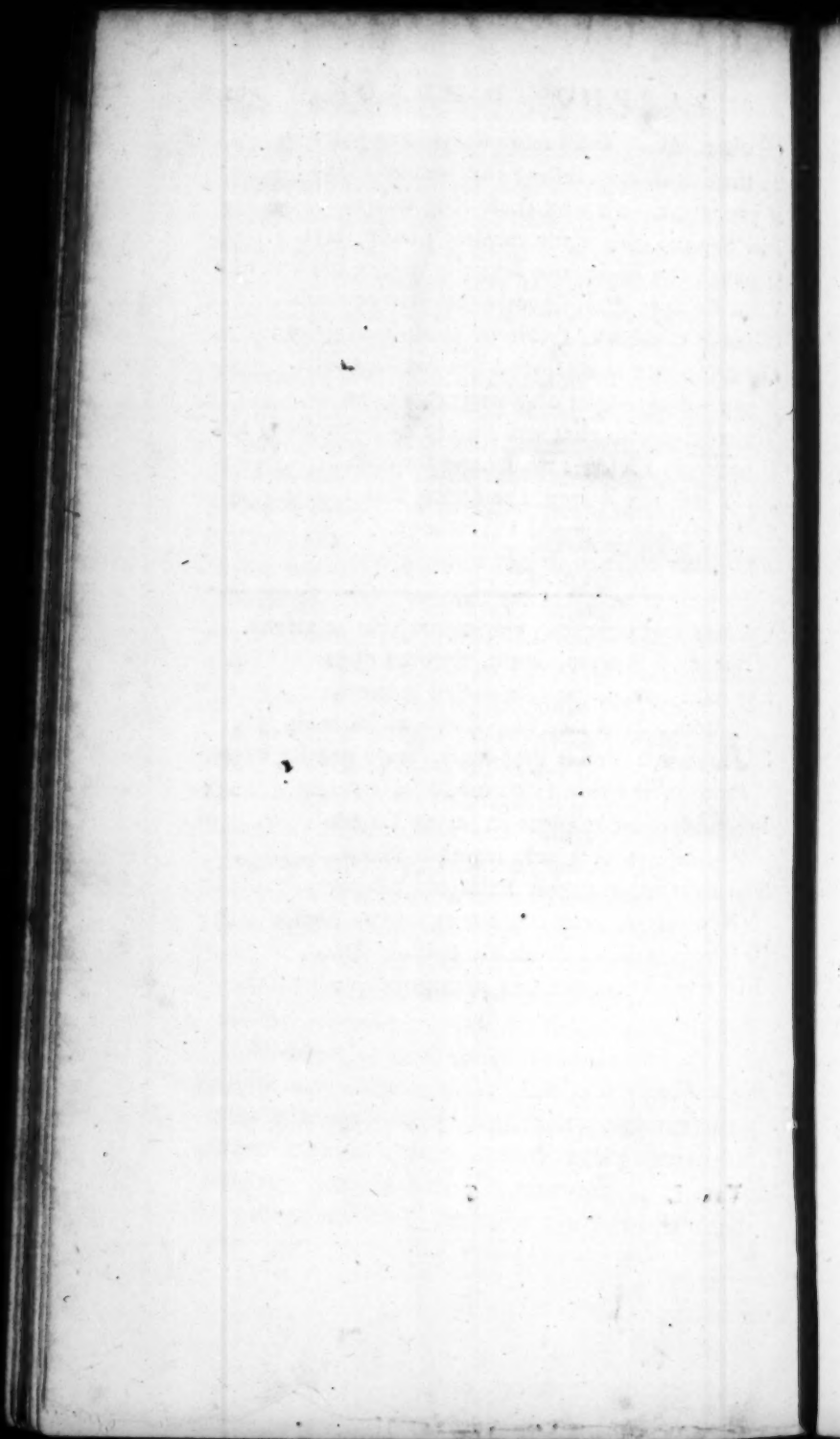
204 SAPPHO TO PHAON.

'This breast which once, in vain ! you lik'd so well ;
 Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muses dwell,
 Alas ! the Muses now no more inspire,
 Untun'd my lute, and silent is my lyre ;
 My languid numbers have forgot to flow, 230
 And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.
 Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,
 Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,
 No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,
 No more these hands shall touch the trembling string ;
 My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign, 236
 (Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine !)
 Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
 Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song :
 Absent from thee, the Poet's flame expires ; 240
 But ah ! how fiercely burn the Lover's fires ?
 Gods ! can no pray'rs, no sighs, no numbers move
 One savage heart, or teach it how to love ?
 The winds my pray'rs, my sighs, my numbers bear,
 The flying winds have lost them all in air ! 245

Nunc vellem facunda forent : dolor artibus obstat ;
 Ingeniumque meis substitit omne malis.
 Non mihi respondent veteres in carmina vires. 230
 Plectra dolore tacent : muta dolore lyra est.
 Lesbides æquoreæ, nupturaque nuptaque proles ;
 Lesbides, Aeolia nomina dicta lyra ;
 Lesbides, infamem quæ me fecistis amatæ ;
 Definite ad citharas turba venire meas.
 Abstulit omne Phaon, quod vobis ante placebat. 236
 (Me miseram ! dixi quam modo pene, meus !)
 Efficite ut redeat : vates quoque vestra redibit.
 Ingenio vires ille dat, ille rapit. 240
 Ecquid ago precibus ? pectusne agreste movetur ?
 An riget ? et Zephyri verba caduca ferunt ? 245

Oh when, alas ! shall more auspicious gales
 To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails ?
 If you return—ah why these long delays ?
 Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon stays.
 O launch thy bark, nor fear the wat'ry plain; 250
 Venus for thee shall smoothe her native main.
 O launch thy bark, secure of prosp'rous gales;
 Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
 If you will fly—(yet ah ! what cause can be,
 Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me ?) 255
 If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,
 Ah let me seek it from the raging seas :
 To raging seas unpity'd I'll remove,
 And either cease to live or cease to love !

Qui mea verba ferunt, vellem tua vela referrent.
 Hoc te, si sciperes, lente, decebat opus.
 Sive redis, puppique tuæ votiva parantur
 Munera ; quid laceras pectora nostra mora ?
 Solve ratem : Venus orta mari, mare præstat eunti.
 Aura dabit cursum ; tu modo solve ratem. 251
 Ipse gubernabit residens in puppe Cupido :
 Ipse dabit tenera vela legetque manu.
 Sive juvat longe fugisse Pelasgida Sappho ;
 (Non tamen invenies, cur ego digna fuga,) 255
 [O saltem miseræ, Grudelis, epistola dicat ;
 Ut mihi Leucadiæ fata petantur aquæ.]



E L O I S A

T O

A B E L A R D.

S 2

ARGUMENT.

ABELARD and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century ; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunote passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several Convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a Friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her tendernefs, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

E L O I S A

T O

A B E L A R D.

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
 Where heav'nly-pensive contemplation dwells,
 And ever-musing melancholy reigns,
 What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?
 Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat? 5
 Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
 Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
 And Eloïsa yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
 Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd: 10
 Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
 Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lyes:
 O write it not my hand—the name appears
 Already written—wash it out, my tears!
 In vain lost Eloïsa weeps and prays, 15
 Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
 Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains;
 Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
 Ye grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn! 20
 Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
 And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
 Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown—
 I have not yet forgot myself to stone;

All is not Heav'n's while Abelard has part, 21
 Still rebel Nature holds out half my heart;
 Nor pray'rs, nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
 Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
 That well-known name awakens all my woes. 30
 Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
 Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
 I tremble too, where-e'er my own I find,
 Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
 Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow, 35
 Led thro' a sad variety of woe:

Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
 Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!

There stern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame;
 There dy'd the best of passions, Love and Fame. 40

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
 Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
 Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
 And is my Abelard less kind than they?

Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare, 45
 Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r:
 No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
 To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
 Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief. 50
 Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
 Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid:
 They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
 Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
 The virgin's wish without her fears impart, 55
 Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
 Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
 And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

ELOISA TO ABELARD. 297

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
 When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name;
 My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind, 61
 Some emanation of th' All-beauteous Mind.
 Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
 Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
 Guiltless I gaz'd; heav'n listen'd while you sung; 65
 And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
 From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
 Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
 Back thro' the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
 Nor wish'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man. 70
 Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
 Nor envy them that heav'n I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
 Curse on all laws but those which love has made!
 Love, free as air, at sight of human ties 75
 Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
 Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame;
 August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
 Before true passion all those views remove,
 Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love? 80
 The jealous God, when we prophane his fires,
 Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
 And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
 Who seek in love for aught but love alone.

NOTE.

Ψ. 66. *And truths divine, &c.*] He was her Preceptor in
 Philosophy and Divinity.

IMITATIONS.

Ψ. 75. Love will not be confin'd by Maisterie:
 When Maisterie comes, the Lord of Love anon
 Flutters his wings, and forthwith is he gone.

Chaucer.

212 ELOISA TO ABELARD.

Should at my feet the world's great master fall, 85
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all:
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love.

If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee! 90
Oh! happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law:
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast: 94
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas, how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise?
A naked Lover bound and bleeding lies! 100
Where, where was Eloïse? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd, 105
Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil, 111
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heav'n scarce believ'd the Conquest it survey'd,
And Saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew, 115
Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call;
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.

Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
 Those still at least are left thee to bestow. 119
 Still on that breast enamour'd let me ly,
 Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
 Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
 Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest. 120
 Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize, 121
 With other beauties charm my partial eyes;
 Full in my view set all the bright abode,
 And make my soul quit Abelard for God. 122
 Ah think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
 Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r. 123
 From the false world in early youth they fled,
 By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
 You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,
 And paradise was open'd in the wild. 124
 No weeping orphan saw his father's stores 125
 Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
 No silver saints, by dying misers giv'n,
 Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited Heav'n;
 But such plain roofs as Piety could raise,
 And only vocal with the Maker's praise. 126
 In these lone walls (their days' eternal bound)
 Those moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
 Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
 And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
 Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray, 127
 And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
 But now no face divine contentment wears,
 'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears. 128
 See how the force of others pray'rs I try,
 (O pious fraud of am'rous charity!) 129

NOTE.

y. 133. You rais'd these hallow'd walls;] He founded
 the Monastery.

214 ELOISA TO ABELARD.

But why should I on others pray'rs depend?
 Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
 Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter move,
 And all those tender names in one, my love!
 The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd, 155
 Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
 The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
 The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
 The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
 The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze; 160
 No more these scenes my meditation aid,
 Or lull to rest the visionary maid.

But o'er the twilight groves, and dusky caves,
 Long-sounding isles, and intermingled graves,
 Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws 165
 A death-like silence, and a dread repose;
 Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
 Shades ev'ry flower, and darkens ev'ry green,
 Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
 And breathes a browner horror on the woods. 170

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
 Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
 Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
 And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain;
 Here all its frailties, all its flames resign, 175
 And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
 Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
 Assist me, Heav'n! but whence arose that pray'r?
 Sprung it from piety, or from despair? 180
 Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
 Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
 I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
 I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;

ELOISA TO ABELARD. 215

view my crime, but kindle at the view, 185
 Repent old pleasures, and solicit new :
 Now turn'd to Heav'n, I weep my past offence,
 Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
 Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
 'Tis sure the hardest science to forget! 190
 How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
 And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
 How the dear object from the crime remove,
 Or how distinguish penitence from love?
 Unequal task! a passion to resign, 195
 For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine.
 Ere su h a soul regains its peaceful state,
 How often must it love, how often hate!
 How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
 Conceal, disdain,—do all things but forget! 200
 But let Heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd;
 Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!
 Oh come! oh teach me nature to subdue,
 Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you.
 Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he 205
 Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot?
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot :
 Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind!
 Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd; 210
 Labour and rest, that equal periods keep :
 "Obedient slumbers, that can wake and weep;"
 Desires compos'd, affections ever ev'n;
 Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n.
 Grace shines around her with serenest beams, 215
 And whisp'ring Angels prompt her golden dreams.

NOTE.

W. 212, *Obedient slumbers, &c.*] Taken from Crashaw.

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NOTE.

*. 212, *Obedient slumbers, &c.*] Taken from Crashaw.

For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
 And wings of Seraphs shed divine perfumes;
 For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
 For her white virgins Hymeneals sing;
 To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
 And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
 Far other raptures of unholy joy:
 When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
 Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
 Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
 All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
 O curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night!
 How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
 Provoking Dæmons all restraint remove,
 And stir within me ev'ry source of love:
 I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
 And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
 I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
 The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
 I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
 I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
 To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
 Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!
 Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
 Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
 Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
 And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps:
 Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
 Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
 I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
 And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the Fates, severely kind, ordain
 A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;

Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose ;
 No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows ;
 Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
 Or moving spirit bade the waters flow ;
 Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n, 255
 And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread ?
 The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
 Nature stands check'd ; religion disapproves :
 Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloisa loves. 260

Ah hopeless, lasting flames ! like those that burn
 To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view ?
 The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
 Rise in the grove, before the altar rise, 265
 Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.

I waste the Matin lamp in sighs for thee ;
 Thy image steals between my God and me :
 Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
 With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear. 270

When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
 And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
 One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
 Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight :
 In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd, 275
 While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I ly,
 Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,
 While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
 And dawning grace is op'ning on my soul : 280
 Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art !
 Oppose thyself to Heav'n ; dispute my heart ;
 Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
 Blot out each bright idea of the skies ;

'Take back that grace, those sorrows and those tears,
'Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs; 186
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole;
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll! 190
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.

Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu! 196

O Grace serene! O Virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Fresh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky;
And Faith, our early immortality! 300
Enter, each mild, each amicable guest;
Receive and wrap me in eternal rest!

See in her cell sad Eloïsa spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls, 305
And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.

"Come, sister, come!" (it said, or seem'd to say)
"Thy place is here, sad sister, come away! 310
"Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
"Love's victim then, tho' now a fainted maid:
"But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
"Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
"Even superstition loses ev'ry fear: 315
"For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."

I come, I come! prepare your roseate bow'rs,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.

Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
 Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow : 320
 Thou, Abelard ! the last sad office pay,
 And smoothe my passage to the realms of day ;
 See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
 Suck my last breath, and catch my flowing soul !
 Ah, no—in sacred vestments may'st thou stand, 325
 The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
 Present the cross before my list'd eye,
 Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
 Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloisa see !
 It will be then no crime to gaze on me. 330
 See from my cheek the transient roses fly !
 See the last sparkle languish in my eye !
 'Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath be o'er ;
 And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
 O Death all eloquent ! you only prove. 335
 What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when Fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
 (That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy),
 In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd, 339
 Bright clouds descend, and Angels watch thee round ;
 From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine,
 And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
 And graft my love immortal on thy fame !
 Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er, 345
 When this rebellious heart shall beat no more ;
 If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
 To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,

NOTE.

ψ. 343. *May one kind grave, &c.*] Abelard and Eloisa were interred in the same grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the Monastery of the Paraclete : he died in the year 1142, she 1163.

O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tear each other sheds ! 350
Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
" O may we never love as these have lov'd !"
From the full choir when loud Hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene if some relenting eye 355
Glance on the stone where our cold relics ly,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.
And sure if Fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine, 360
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more ;
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well ;
Let him our sad, ~~our~~ tender story tell !
The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost ;
He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most. 365

TRANSLATIONS

A N D

IMITATIONS.

T 3

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Translations were selected from many others done by the Author in his Youth; for the most part indeed but a sort of *Exercises*, while he was improving himself in the languages, and carried by his early bent to *Poetry* to perform them rather in verse than prose. Mr. *Dryden's Fables* came out about that time, which occasioned the Translations from *Chaucer*. They were first separately printed in Miscellanies by J. Tonson and B. Lintot, and afterwards collected in the Quarto Edition of 1717. The *Imitations of English Authors*, which follow, were done as early, some of them at fourteen or fifteen years old.

THE
T E M P L E
O F
F A M E.

Written in the Year M. DCC. XI.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's *House of Fame*. The design is in a manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own: yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third book of *Fame*, there being nothing in the two first books that answers to their title. Wherever any hint is taken from him, the passage itself is set down in the marginal notes.

THE
T E M P L E
O F
F A M E.

I N that soft season, when descending show'rs
 Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs;
 When op'ning buds salute the welcome day,
 And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
 As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest, 5
 And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
 (What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
 While purer slumbers spread their golden wings)
 A train of^d phantoms in wild order rose,
 And join'd, this intellectual scene compose. 10
 I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies;
 The whole creation open to my eyes :

NOTE.

ψ. 1. *In that soft season, &c.*] This Poem is introduced in the manner of the Provencial Poets, whose works were for the most part Visions, or pieces of imagination, and constantly descriptive. From these, Petrarch and Chaucer frequently borrow the idea of their poems. See the *Trionfi* of the former, and the *Dream, Flower and the Leaf, &c.* of the latter. The Author of this therefore chose the same sort of exordium.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 11, &c.] These verses are hinted from the following of Chaucer, book ii.

Tho beheld I fields and plains,
 Now hills, and now mountains,

226 THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow;
Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen, 15
There tow'ry cities, and the forests green :
Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes;
There trees and intermingled temples rise;
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
The transient landscape now in clouds decays. 20

O'er the wide Prospect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murm'ring on the hollow shore :
Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld, 25
Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds conceal'd.
High on a rock of Ice the structure lay,
Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way;
The wond'rous rock like Parian marble shone,
And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone. 30
Inscriptions here of various Names I view'd;
The greater part by hostile Time subdu'd;

IMITATIONS.

Now valeis, and now forestes,
And now unneth great besies,
Now rivers, now citees,
Now towns, now great trees,
Now shippes sayling in the sees.

Y. 27. *High on a rock of Ice, &c.*] Chaucer's third book
of Fame.

It stood upon so high a rock,
Higher standeth none in Spayne—
What manner stone this rock was,
For it was like a lymed glass,
But that it shone full more clere;
But of what cougeled matere
It was, I niste readily;
But at the last espied I,
And found that it was every delc
A rock of ise, and not of stele.

Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
 And Poets once had promis'd they should last.
 Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of Wits renown'd; 35
 I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
 Critics I saw, that other names deface,
 And fix their own, with labour, in their place:
 Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
 Or disappear'd, and left the first behind. 40
 Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
 But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun;
 For fame, impatient of extremes, decays
 Not more by envy than excess of Praise.
 Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel, 45
 Like crystal faithful to the graving steel:

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 31. *Inscriptions here, &c.]*

Tho saw I all the hilly grave
 With famous folkes names felse,
 That had been in much wele
 And her fames wide y-blow;
 But well uneath might I know,
 Any letters for to rede
 Their names by, for out of drede
 They weren almost off-thawen so,
 That of the letters one or two
 Were molte away of every name,
 So unfamous was woxe her fame;
 But men said, what may ever last?

ψ. 41. *Nor was the work impair'd, &c.]*

Tho gan I in myne harte cast,
 That they were molte away for heate,
 And not away with stormes beate.

ψ. 45. *Yet part no injuries, &c.]*

For on that other side I sey
 Of that hill which northward ley,
 How it was written full of names
 Of folke, that had afore great fames,
 Of old time, and yet they were
 As fresh as men had written hem there

218 THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
Their names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past
From Time's first birth, with Time itself shall last; 56
'These ever new, nor subject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.

So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away, 58
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky;
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thousand years. 60
On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face 62
Of various structure, but of equal grace:
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the diff'rent quarters of the sky.

NOTE.

ψ. 65. Four faces had the dome, &c.] The temple is described to be square, the four fronts with open gates facing the different quarters of the world, as an intimation that all nations of the earth may alike be received into it. The western front is of Grecian architecture: The Doric order was peculiarly sacred to Heroes and Worthies. Those whose statues are aftermentioned, were the first names of old Greece in arms and arts.

IMITATIONS.

The self day, or that hour
That I on hem gan to poure:
But well I wiste what it made;
It was conserved with the shade

Here fabled Chiefs in darker ages born,
 Or Worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn, 70
 Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race;
 The walls in venerable order grace:
 Heroes in animated marble frown,
 And Legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd, 75
 On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
 Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
 And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
 In shaggy spoils here 'Theseus was beheld,
 And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield: 80
 There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,
 Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil:
 Here Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound
 Start from their roots, and form a shade around:
 Amphion there the loud creating lyre 85
 Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire!
 Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,
 And half the mountain rolls into a wall;
 There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,
 The domes swell up, the wid'ning arches bend, 90
 The growing tow'rs, like exhalations rise,
 And the huge columns heave into the skies.
 The Eastern front was glorious to behold,
 With di'mond flaming, and Barbaric gold.

NOTE.

Y. 81. *There great Alcides, &c.*] This figure of Hercules is drawn with an eye to the position of the famous statue of Farnese.

IMITATIONS.

(All the writing that I syc)
 Of the cattle that stood on high,
 And stood eke in so cold a place,
 That heat might it not deface.

There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame, 98
 And the great founder of the Persian name :
 There in long robes the royal Magi stand,
 Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand :
 The sage Chaldeans rob'd in white appear'd,
 And Brachmans, deep in desert woods rever'd. 100
 These stop'd the moon, and call'd th' unbody'd shades
 To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades ;
 Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
 And airy spectres skim before their eyes ;
 Of Talismans and Sigils knew the pow'r, 103
 And careful watch'd the Planetary hour.
 Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
 Who taught that useful science, to be good.

But on the South, a long majestic race
 Of Egypt's Priests the gilded niches grace, 110
 Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
 And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
 High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
 Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew :

NOTES.

Y. 96. *And the great founder of the Persian name.*] Cyrus was the beginning of the Persian, as Ninus was of the Assyrian monarchy. The Magi and Chaldeans (the chief of whom was Zoroaster) employed their studies upon magic and astrology, which was in a manner almost all the learning of the ancient Asian people. We have scarce any account of a moral philosopher except Confucius, the great law-giver of the Chinese, who lived about two thousand years ago.

Y. 110. *Egypt's Priests, &c.*] The learning of the old Egyptian priests consisted for the most part in geometry and astronomy: they also preserved the history of their nation. Their greatest hero upon record is Sesostris, whose actions and conquests may be seen at large in Diodorus, &c. He is said to have caused the kings he vanquished to draw him in his chariot. The posture of his statue, in these verses, is correspondent to the description which Herodotus gives of one of them remaining in his own time.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME. 235

His hands a bow and painted jav'lin hold; 115
 His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
 Between the statues obelisks were plac'd,
 And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.
 Of Gothic structure was the Northern side,
 O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride. 120
 There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,
 And Runic characters were grav'd around.
 There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
 And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
 There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood, 125
 The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,
 Druids and Bards (their once loud harps unstrung),
 And youths that died to be by Poets sung.
 These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
 To whom old fables gave a lasting name, 130
 In ranks adorn'd the temple's outward face;
 The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
 Which o'er each object casting various dyes,
 Enlarges some, and others multiplies :

NOTES.

ψ. 119. *Of Gothic structure was the Northern side.*] The Architecture is agreeable to that part of the world. The learning of the northern nations lay more obscure than that of the rest; Zamolxis was the disciple of Pythagoras, who taught the immortality of the soul to the Scythians. Odin, or Woden, was the great legislator and hero of the Goths. They tell us of him, that being subject to fits, he persuaded his followers, that during those trances he received inspirations, from whence he dictated his laws: he is said to have been the inventor of the Runic characters.

ψ. 127. *Druids and Bards, &c.*] These were the priests and poets of those people, so celebrated for their savage virtue. Those heroic barbarians accounted it a dishonour to die in their beds, and rushed on to certain death in the prospect of an after-life, and for the glory of a song from their bards in praise of their actions.

Nor void of Emblem was the mystic wall,
For thus romantic Fame increaseth all.

The temple shakes, the founding gates unfold:
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold;
Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around
With laurel foliage, and with eagles crown'd:
Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
'The freezes gold, and gold the capitals:
As heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
'The sage historians in white garments wait;
Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was found,
His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
Within stood Heroes, who thro' loud alarms
In bloody fields pursu'd renown in arms.
High on a throne with trophies charg'd, I view'd
The youth that all things but himself subdu'd;
His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horn'd head bely'd the Lybian God.
'There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minervas, shone;
Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;
Unmov'd, superior still in ev'ry state,
And scarce detested in his Country's fate.

NOTE.

Y. 152. *The youth that all things but himself subdu'd.* Alexander the Great. The Tiara was the crown peculiar to the Asian princes: his desire to be thought the son of Jupiter Ammon, caused him to wear the horns of that God, and to represent the same upon his coins; which was continued by several of his successors.

IMITATIONS.

Y. 132. *The wall in lustre, &c.*

It shone lighter than a glass,
And made well more than it was,
As kind of thing Fame is.

But chief were those, who not for empire fought,
 But with their toils their people's safety bought : 160
 High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood ;
 Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood ;
 Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state ;
 Great in his triumphs, in retirement great ; 164
 And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind
 With boundless pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
 His own strict judge, and patron of mankind. }

Much-suff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
 Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
 Fair Virtue's silent train : supreme of these 170
 Here ever shines the godlike Socrates :
 He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
 At all times just, but when he sign'd the shell :
 Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
 With Agis, not the last of Spartan names : 175
 Unconquer'd Cato shews the wound he tore,
 And Brutus his ill Genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd Choir,
 Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire ;

NOTES.

ψ. 162. *Timoleon; glorious in his brother's blood.*] Timoleon had saved the life of his brother Timophanes in the battle between the Argives and Corinthians ; but afterwards killed him when he affected the tyranny, preferring his duty to his country to all the obligations of blood.

ψ. 172. *He whom ungrateful Athens, &c.*] Aristides, who for his great integrity was distinguished by the appellation of the *Just*. When his countrymen would have banished him by the Ostracism, where it was the custom for every man to sign the name of the person he voted to exile in an Oyster-shell ; a peasant, who could not write, came to Aristides to do it for him, who readily signed his own name.

ψ. 178. *But in the centre of the hallow'd Choir, &c.*] In the midst of the temple, nearest the throne of Fame, are placed the greatest names in learning of all antiquity.

234 THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand, 180
 Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
 High on the first, the mighty Homer shone;
 Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;
 Father of verse! in holy fillets drest,
 His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast; 185
 Tho' blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
 In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
 The wars of 'Troy were round the pillar seen:
 Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian Queen;
 Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall, 190
 Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
 Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire;
 Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire;
 A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
 And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect. 195
 A golden column next in rank appear'd,
 On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;

NOTE.

These are described in such attitudes as express their different characters: the columns on which they are raised are adorned with sculptures, taken from the most striking subjects of their works; which sculpture bears a resemblance, in its manner and character, to the manner and character of their writings.

IMITATIONS.

Y. 179. *Six pompous columns, &c.*
 From the dees many a pillere,
 Of metal that shone not full clere, &c.
 Upon a pillere saw I stonde
 That was of lede and iron fine,
 Him of the sect Saturnine,
 The Ebraicke Josephus the old, &c.
 Upon an iron pillere strong,
 That painted was all endlong,
 With tigers' blood in every place,
 The Tholofan that hight Stace,
 That bare of Thebes up the name, &c.

Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
 With patient touches of unweary'd art :
 The Mantuan there in sober triumph fate, 200
 Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate ;
 On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
 Great without pride, in modest majesty.
 In living sculpture on the sides were spread
 The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead ; 205
 Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre,
 Æneas bending with his aged fire :
 Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
 ARMS AND THE MAN in golden cyphers shone.
 Four swans sustain a car of silver bright, 210
 With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight :
 Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
 And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.

NOTE.

Ψ. 210. *Four swans, &c.*] Pindar being seated in a chariot, alludes to the chariot races he celebrated in the Grecian games. The swans are emblems of poetry, their soaring posture intimates the sublimity and activity of his genius. Neptune presided over the Isthmian, and Jupiter over the Olympian games.

IMITATIONS.

Ψ. 182.]

Full wonder hie on a pillere
 Of iron, he the great Omer,
 And with him Dares and Titus, &c.

Ψ. 196, &c.]

There saw I stand on a pillere
 That was of tinned iron cleere,
 The Latin poet Virgyle,
 That hath bore up of a great while
 The fame of pius Æneas.

And next him on a pillere was
 Of copper, Venus' clerke Ovide,
 That hath sown wond'rous wide
 The great God of Love's fame—

Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
 And boldly sinks into the sounding strings. 215
 The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
 Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
 The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
 The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone;
 The champions in distorted postures threat; 220
 And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
 To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:
 Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse
 The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse. 225

IMITATIONS.

Tho saw I on a pillere by
 Of iron wrought full sternly,
 The great Poet Dan Lucan,
 That on his shoulders bore up then
 As hye as that I might see,
 The fame of Julius and Pompee.

And next him on a pillere stode
 Of sulphure, like as he were wode,
 Dan Claudian, sothe for to tell,
 That bare up all the fame of hell, &c.

ψ. 224. *Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse—The
 softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse.*] This expresses the
 mix'd character of the odes of Horace: the second of these
 verses alludes to that line of his,

Spiritus Graiae tenuem camoenae.

As another which follows, to

Exegi monumentum aere perennius.

The action of the Doves hints at a passage in the fourth ode
 of his third book,

*Me fabulosae Vulture in Appulo
 Altricis extra limen Apuliae,
 Ludo fatigatumque somno,
 Fronde nova puerum palumbes
 Texere; mirum quod foret omnibus—
 Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
 Dormirem et urbis; ut premerer sacra
 Laureque collataque myrto,
 Non sine Diis animosus infans.*

THE TEMPLE OF FAME. 237

The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace;
 A work outlasting monumental brags.
 Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
 The Julian star, and great Augustus here.
 The Doves, that round the infant Poet spread 230
 Myrtles and bays, hang hov'ring o'er his head.

Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
 Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite;
 His sacred head a radiant Zodiac crown'd,
 And various Animals his sides surround; 235
 His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
 Superior worlds, and look all Nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone;
 The Roman Rostra deck'd the Consul's throne:
 Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand 240
 In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
 Behind, Rome's Genius waits with Civic crowns,
 And the great Father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,
 O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies: 245
 Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
 So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
 Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
 With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
 The vivid em'rals there revive the eye, 250
 The flaming rubies shew their sanguine dye,

IMITATIONS.

Which may be thus Englished;
 While yet a child, I chanc'd to stray,
 And in a desert sleeping lay;
 The savage race withdrew, nor dar'd
 To touch the Muse's future bard;
 But Cytherea's gentle dove
 Myrtles and Bays around me spread,
 And crown'd your infant Poet's head,
 Sacred to Music and to Love.

238 THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
 And lucid amber casts a golden gleam ;
 With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
 And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne ; 255
 'The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
 And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
 When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,
 Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height ;
 But swell'd to larger size the more I gaz'd, 260
 'Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd.
 With her, the Temple ev'ry moment grew,
 And ampler Vistas open'd to my view :
 Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
 And arches widen, and long isles extend. 265
 Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,
 Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold ;
 A thousand busy tongues the goddess bears,
 A thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning ears.
 Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine 270
 (Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine :
 With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing ;
 For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string ;

IMITATIONS.

Y. 259. *Scarce seem'd her stature, &c.*]

Methought that she was so lite,
 That the length of a cubite
 Was longer than she seem'd be ;
 But thus soone in a while she,
 Herselfe tho wonderly straight,
 That with her feet she the earth reight,
 And with her head she touchyd heaven——

Y. 270. *Beneath, in order rang'd; &c.*]

I heard about her throne y-sung
 That all the palays walls rung,
 So sung the mighty Muse, she
 That cleped is Calliope,
 And her seven sisters eke——

THE TEMPLE OF FAME. 239

With Time's first birth began the heav'nly lays,
And last, eternal, thro' the length of days. 275

Around these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crouded hall :
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard;
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd; 282
Thick as the bees, that with the Spring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly, 285
Or settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of suppliant crouds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddesses bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage, 290
And boasting youth, and narrative old-age.
Their pleas were diff'rent, their request the same:
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd;
Unlike successes equal merits found. 295

IMITATIONS.

Y. 276. *Around these wonders, &c.]*

I heard a noise approchen blive,
That far'd as bees done in a hive,
Against her time of out-flying;
Right such a manere murmuring,
For all the world it seemed me.
Tho gan I look about and see
That there came entring into th' hall,
A right great company withal;
And that of sundry regions,
Of all kind of conditions, &c.

Y. 294. *Some she disgrac'd, &c.]*

And some of them she granted sone,
And some she warn'd well and fair,
And some she granted the contrair——

140 THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And undiscerning scatters crowns and chains.

First at the shrine the Learned world appear,
And to the Goddess thus prefer their pray'r:
Long have we sought t' instruct and please mankind,
With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind; 301
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne;
On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
For Fame is all we must expect below. 303

The Goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
The golden Trumpet of eternal Praise:
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
That fills the circuit of the world around:
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud; 310
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud:
By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
At ev'ry breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter, as they wider spread; 313
Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address'd the sacred fane:

IMITATIONS.

Right as her sister dame Fortune
Is wont to serve in commune.

ψ. 318. — *the good and just, &c.*]
Tho came the third companye,
And gan up to the dees to hyc,
And down on knees they fell anone,
And saiden: We ben everichone
Folke that han full truely
Deserved Fame right-fully,
And prayen you it might be knowe
Right as it is, and forth blowe.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME. 241

Since living virtue is with envy curs'd, 310
 And the best men are treated like the worst,
 Do thou, just Goddes, call our merits forth,
 And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.
 Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd,
 (Said Fame), but high above desert renown'd: 315
 Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
 And the loud clarion labour in your praise.

This band dismiss'd, behold another croud
 Prefer the same request, and lowly bow'd;
 The constant tenor of whose well-spent days 320
 No less deserv'd a just return of praise.
 But straight the direful Trump of Slander sounds:
 Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
 Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
 The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies, 325
 In ev'ry ear incessant rumours rung,
 And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.

IMITATIONS.

I grant, quoth she, for now we list
 That your good works shall be wist.
 And yet ye shall have better loos,
 Right in despite of all your foos,
 Than worthy is, and that anone.
 Let now (quoth she) thy trump gone—
 And certes all the breath that went
 Out of his trump's mouth smel'd
 As men a pot of baume held
 Among a basket full of roses.—

X. 328,—338. —behold another croud, &c.—From the
 black trumpet's rusty, &c.]

Therewithal there came anone
 Another huge companye
 Of good folke—
 What did this Eolus, but he
 Took out his trump of brass,
 That fouler than the devil was:

242 THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke;
The pois'nous vapour blots the purple skies, 342
And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
For thee (they cry'd) amidst alarms and strife,
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life; 345
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And swam to empire thro' the purple flood.
Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own;
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd)
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd; 351
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown!
A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,
And each majestic phantom sunk in night. 355

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen;
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.

IMITATIONS.

And gan his trump for to blowe,
As all the world should overthrowe.
Throughoute every regione
Went this foul trumpet's sounne,
Swift as a pellet out of a gunne,
When fire is in the powder runne.
And such a smoke gan out wende,
Out of the foul trumpet's end—&c.

ψ. 356. *Then came the smallest, &c.]*
I saw anone the fifth route,
That to this lady gan loute,
And downe on knees anone to fall,
And to her they besoughten all,
To hiden their good works eke.
And said, they yeve not a leke
For no fame ne' such renowne;
For they for contemplacyoune,

THE TEMPLE OF FAME. 243

Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
 The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame!!
 But safe in deserts from th' applause of men, 360
 Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.
 'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
 Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite.
 O let us still the secret joy partake,
 To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake. 365
 And live there men who slight immortal fame?
 Who then with incense shall adore our name?
 But, mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
 To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
 Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath, 370
 These must not sleep in darkness and in death.
 She said: in air the trembling music floats,
 And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
 So soft, tho' high, so loud, and yet so clear,
 Ev'n list'ning Angels lean from heav'n to hear: 375
 To furthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

IMITATIONS.

And Goddess love had it wrought,
 Ne of fame would they ought.
 What, quoth she, and be ye wood?
 And ween ye for to do good,
 And for to have it of no fame?
 Have ye despite to have my name?
 Nay ye shall lien everichone:
 Blow thy trump, and that anone
 (Quoth she) thou Eolus, I hote,
 And ring these folkes works by rote,
 That all the world may of it heare;
 And he can blow their loos so cleare,
 In his golden clarioune,
 Through the world went the sounce,
 All so kindly, and eke so soft,
 That their fame was blown aloft.

Next these a youthful train their vows express'd,
 With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dress'd:
 Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and see 385
 The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;
 Ours is the place at banquets, balls and plays,
 Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
 Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
 To pay due visits, and address the fair: 385
 In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
 But still in fancy vanquish'd every maid;
 Of unknown Duchesses lewd tales we tell,
 Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
 The joy let others have, and we the name, 390
 And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.

The Queen assents; the trumpet rends the skies,
 And at each blast a Lady's honour dies.

Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers press
 Around the shrine, and made the same request: 395
 What, you, (she cry'd) unlearn'd in arts to please,
 Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigu'd with ease,
 Who lose a length of undeserving days,
 Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
 To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall, 400
 The people's fable, and the scorn of all.
 Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound;
 Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round,

IMITATIONS.

Y. 378. *Next these a youthful train, &c.*] The reader might compare these twenty-eight lines following, which contains the same matter, with eighty-four of Chaucer, beginning thus:

Tho came the sixth companye,
 And gan fast to Fame cry, &c.
 being too prolix to be here inserted.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME. 445

Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run through all the croud. 405

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
On sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix, 410
Of crooked counsels and dark politics;
Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With sparks that seem'd to set the world on fire. 415
At the dread sound, pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled Nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some pow'r unknown
Straight chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from
the throne.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 406. *Last, those who boast of mighty, &c.*]

Tho came another companye,
That had y-done the treachery, &c.

ψ. 418. *This having heard and seen, &c.*] The scene here
changes from the Temple of Fame to that of Rumour, which
is almost entirely Chaucer's. The particulars follow.

Tho saw I stonde in a valey,
Under the castle fast by
A house, that Domus Dedali
That Labyrinthus cleped is,
Nas made so wonderly, I wis,
Ne half so queintly y-wrought;
And evermo as swift as thought,
This queint house about went,
That never more it still stent—
And eke this house hath of entrees,
As many as leaves are on trees
In Summer, when they bene grene;
And in the roosf yet men may sene

Before my view appear'd a structure fair, 420
 Its site uncertain, if in earth or air :
 With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round ;
 With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound :
 Not less in number were the spacious doors,
 Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores ; 425
 Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
 Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
 As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
 As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
 As to the sea returning rivers roll, 430
 And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole ;
 Hither, as to their proper place, arise
 All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
 Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear ;
 Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here. 435
 As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
 The sinking stone at first a circle makes ;
 The trembling surface by the motion stirr'd,
 Spreads in a second circle, then a third ;
 Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance, 440
 Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance :

IMITATIONS.

A thousand hoels and well mo
 To letten the soune out go ;
 And by day in every tide
 Ben all the doors open wide,
 And by night each one unshet ;
 No porter is there one to let,
 No manner tydings in to pace :
 Ne never rest is in that place.

ψ. 428. *As flames by nature to the, &c.* This thought is transferred hither out of the third book of *Fame*, where it takes up no less than one hundred and twenty verses, beginning thus,

Gessay, thou wottest well this, &c.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME: 241

Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break,
On neighb'ring air a soft impressiion make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above; 445
Thro' undulating air the sounds are sent,
And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard of love and strife,
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death and life,
Of loss and gain, of famine and of store, 450
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
Of turns of Fortune, changes in the state,
The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great, 455
Of old mismanagements, taxations new:
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,

IMITATIONS.

Y. 448. *There various news I heard, &c.]*

Of werres, of peace, of marriages,
Of rest, of labour, of voyages,
Of abode, of dethe, and of life,
Of love and hate, accord and strife,
Of loss of lore, and of winnings,
Of hele of sickness, and lessings,
Of divers transmutations
Of estates and eke of regions,
Of trust, of drede, of jealousy,
Of wit, of winning, and of folly.
Of good or bad government,
Of fire, and of divers accident,

Y. 458. *Above, below, without, within, &c.]*

But such a great congregation
Of folke as I saw roam about,
Some within, and some without,
Was never seen, ne shall be est—

248 THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away; 460
 Hosts rais'd by fear, and fancies of a day:
 Astrologers, that future fates foreshew,
 Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few,
 And priests, and party-zealots, num'rous bands,
 With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands; 465
 Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
 And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.
 The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
 Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
 And all who told it added something new, 470
 And all who heard it made enlargements too;
 In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew. }
 Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
 News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
 So from a spark, that kindled first by chance, 475
 With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance:
 Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
 And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.
 When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
 Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue, 480

IMITATIONS.

And every wight that I saw there
 Rownd everich in other's ear
 A new tyding privily,
 Or else he told it openly
 Right thus, and said, Knowst not thou
 That is betide to night now?
 No, quoth he, tell me what;
 And then he told him this and that, &c.
 —Thus north and south
 Went every tidings fro mouth to mouth,
 And that increasing evermo;
 As fire is wont to quicken and go
 From a sparkle sprong amiss,
 Till all the cittee brent up is.

Thro' thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
 And rush in millions on the world below.
 Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
 Their date determines, and prescribes their force :
 Some to remain, and some to perish soon; 485
 Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
 Around, a thousand winged wonders fly,
 Born by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd thro' the sky.

There, at one passage, oft you might survey
 A lie and truth contending for the way; 490
 And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
 Which first should issue thro' the narrow vent :
 At last agreed, together out they fly,
 Inseparable now, the truth and lie;
 The strict companions are for ever join'd, 495
 And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
 One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear :
 What could thus high thy rash ambition raise ?
 Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise ? 500

NOTE.

ψ. 497. *While thus I stood; &c.* The hint is taken from a passage in another part of the third book, but here more naturally made the conclusion, with the addition of a *Moral* to the whole. In Chaucer he only answers, " he came to see the place ;" and the book ends abruptly, with his being surpris'd at the sight of a *Man of great Authority*, and awaking in a fright.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 489. *There, at one passage, &c.*]

And sometimes I saw there at once,
 A lesing and a sad sooth saw
 That gonnen at adventure draw
 Out of a window forth to pace—
 And no man, be he ever so wrothe,
 Shall have one of these two, but botlie, &c.

'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
 For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame?
 But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,
 So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
 How vain that second life in other's breath, 500
 Th' estate which wits inherit after death!
 Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
 (Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!)
 The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
 Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor; 510
 All luckless wits their enemies profess,
 And all successful, jealous friends at best.
 Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
 She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
 But if the purchase costs so dear a price 515
 As soothing Folly, or exalting Vice;
 Oh! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
 And follow still where Fortune leads the way;
 Or if no basis bear my rising name,
 But the fall'n ruins of another's fame; 520
 Then, teach me, Heav'n! to scorn the guilty bays,
 Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise.
 Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown:
 Oh grant an honest Fame, or grant me none!

J A N U A R Y

A N D

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J A N U A R Y

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M A Y.

THERE liv'd in Lombardy, as Authors write,
 In days of old, a wise and worthy knight;
 Of gentle manners, as of gen'rous race,
 Blest with much sense, more riches, and some grace;
 Yet, led astray by Venus' soft delights, 5
 He scarce could rule some idle appetites:
 For long ago, let Priests say what they cou'd,
 Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.

But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,
 He vow'd to lead this vitious life no more; 10
 Whether pure holiness inspir'd his mind,
 Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;
 But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
 And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.
 This was his nightly dream, his daily care, 15
 And to the heav'nly Pow'rs his constant pray'r,
 Once ere he dy'd to taste the blissful life
 Of a kind husband and a loving wife.

These thoughts he fortify'd with reasons still,
 (For none want reasons to confirm their will.) 20
 Grave authors say and witty poets sing,
 That honest wedlock is a glorious thing:

NOTE.

January and May.] This Translation was done at sixteen
 or seventeen years of Age.

But depth of judgment most in him appears,
 Who wisely weds in his maturer years.
 Then let him chuse a damsel young and fair, 35
 To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir;
 To sooth his cares, and, free from noise and strife,
 Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
 Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore,
 Full well they merit all they feel, and more : 30
 Unaw'd by precepts human or divine,
 Like birds and beasts promiscuously they join:
 Nor know to make the present blessing last,
 To hope the future, or esteem the past :
 But vainly boast the joys they never try'd, 35
 And find divulg'd the secrets they would hide.
 The marry'd man may bear his yoke with ease,
 Secure at once himself and Heav'n to please;
 And pass his inoffensive hours away,
 In bliss all night, and innocence all day : 40
 Tho' fortune change, his constant spouse remains,
 Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.

But what so pure, which envious tongues will spare?
 Some wicked wits have libell'd all the Fair.
 With matchless impudence they style a wife 45
 The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life;
 A bosom serpent, a domestic evil,
 A night invasion, and a mid-day devil.
 Let not the wise these scandalous words regard,
 But curse the bones of ev'ry lying bard. 50
 All other goods by Fortune's hand are giv'n,
 A wife is the peculiar gift of Heav'n.
 Vain fortune's favours, never at a stay,
 Like empty shadows, pass, and glide away;
 One solid comfort our eternal wife 55
 Abundantly supplies us all our life :

This blessing lasts (if those who try say true)
As long as heart can wish—and longer too.

Our grandfire Adam, ere of Eve posselt,
Alone, and ev'n in Paradise unblest, 60
With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,
And wander'd in the solitary shade :
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last, the best reserv'd of God.

A wife ! ah gentle deities, can he 65
That has a wife, e'er feel adversity ?
Would men but follow what the sex advise,
All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.
'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
His father's blessing from an elder son : 70
Abusive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life

To the wise conduct of a prudent wife :
Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,
Preserv'd the Jews, and slew th' Assyrian foe ;
At Hester's suit, the persecuting sword 75
Was sheath'd, and Israel liv'd to bless the Lord.

These weighty motives, January the sage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age ;
And charm'd with virtuous joys, and sober life,
Would try that Christian comfort, call'd a wife. 80
His friends were summon'd, on a point so nice
To pass their judgment and to give advice :
But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he ;
(As men that ask advice are wont to be.)

My friends, he cry'd (and cast a mournful look 85
Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke :)
Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,
And worn with cares, am hast'ning to my end :
How I have liv'd, alas ! you know too well,
In worldly follies, which I blush to tell ; 90

But gracious Heav'n has ope'd my eyes at last,
 With due regret I view my vices past,
 And, as the precept of the Church decrees,
 Will take a wife, and live in holy ease.

But since by counsel all things should be done, 95
 And many heads are wiser still than one ;
 Chuse you for me, who best shall be content
 When my desire's approv'd by your consent.

One caution yet is needful to be told,
 To guide your choice ; this wife must not be old :
 There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said, 105
 Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.
 My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace
 Of a stale virgin with a winter face ;
 In that cold season Love but treats his guest 105
 With bean-straw, and tough forage at the best.
 No crafty widows shall approach my bed ;
 Those are too wise for bachelors to wed ;
 As subtle clerks by many schools are made,
 'Twice marry'd dames are mistresses o' th' trade :
 But young and tender virgins, rul'd with ease, 115
 We form like wax, and mould them as we please.

Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my sense amiss ;
 'Tis what concerns my soul's eternal bliss ;
 Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse, 115
 As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows ?
 Then should I live in lewd adultery,
 And sink downright to Satan when I die.
 O were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
 The righteous end were lost for which I wed 120
 To raise up seed to bless the Pow'rs above,
 And not for pleasure only, or for love.
 Think not I doat ; 'tis time to take a wife,
 When vig'rous blood forbids a chaster life :

JANUARY AND MAY. 257

Those that are blest with store of grace divine, 125
May live like saints, by Heav'n's consent, and mine.

And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,
(As, thank my stars, in modest truth I may),
My limbs are active, still I'm sound at heart,
And a new vigour springs in ev'ry part. 130

Think not my virtue lost, tho' time has shed
These rev'rend honours on my hoary head ;
Thus trees are crown'd with blossoms white as snow,
The vital sap then rising from below :

Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear 135

Like winter greens, that flourish all the year.
Now, Sirs, you know to what I stand inclin'd,
Let ev'ry friend with freedom speak his mind.

He said : the rest in diff'rent parts divide ;
The knotty point was urg'd on either side : 140

Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
Some prais'd with wit, and some with reason blam'd,
Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
Each wond'rous positive, and wond'rous wise,
There fell between his brothers a debate, 145
Placebo this was call'd, and Justin that.

First to the Knight Placebo thus begun,
(Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone),
Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
As plainly proves, experience dwells with years !
Yet you pursue sage Solomon's advice, 151

To work by counsel when affairs are nice ;
But, with the Wise Man's leave, I must protest,
So may my soul arrive at ease and rest }
As still I hold your old advice the best. }

Sir, I have liv'd a courtier all my days, 156
And study'd men, their manners, and their ways ;

And have observ'd this useful maxim still,
 To let my betters always have their will.
 Nay, if my Lord affirm'd that black was white, 160
 My word was this, Your honour's in the right.
 Th' assuming Wit, who deems himself so wise,
 As his mistaken patron to advise,
 Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous thought,
 A noble fool was never in a fault. 165
 This, Sir, affects not you, whose ev'ry word
 Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a Lord :
 Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
 Pleasing to God, and should be so to man ;
 At least, your courage all the world must praise, 170
 Who dare to wed in your declining days.
 Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
 And let grey fools be indolently good,
 Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,
 With rev'rend dulness and grave impotence. 175

Justin, who silent sat, and heard the man,
 Thus, with a philosophic frown, began.

A heathen author of the first degree,
 (Who, tho' not Faith, had sense as well as we),
 Bids us be certain our concerns to trust 180
 To those of gen'rous principles, and just.
 The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
 To give your person, than your goods away :
 And therefore, Sir, as you regard your rest,
 First learn your lady's qualities at least : 185
 Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil,
 Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil ;
 Whether an easy, fond, familiar fool,
 Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule.
 'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find 190
 In all this world, much less in womankind :

But if her virtues prove the larger share,
 Bless the kind Fates, and thank your fortune rare.
 Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
 Who knows too well the state you thus commend ;
 And, spite of all his praises, must declare, 196
 All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.
 Heav'n knows, I shed full many a private tear,
 And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear ;
 While all my friends applaud my blissful life, 200
 And swear no mortal's happier in a wife :
 Demure and chaste as any vestal Nun,
 The meekest creature that beholds the sun !
 But, by th' immortal Pow'rs, I feel the pain,
 And he that smarts has reason to complain. 205
 Do what you list, for me ; you must be sage,
 And cautious sure ; for wisdom is in age :
 But at these years, to venture on the fair !
 By him who made the ocean, earth, and air,
 To please a wife, when her occasions call, 210
 Would busy the most vig'rous of us all.
 And trust me, Sir, the chastest you can chuse
 Will ask observance, and exact her dues.
 If what I speak my noble Lord offend,
 My tedious sermon here is at an end. 215
 'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well, the knight replies,
 Most worthy kinsman, faith you're mighty wife !
 We, Sirs, are fools ; and must resign the cause
 To heath'nish authors, proverbs, and old saws.
 He spoke with scorn, and turn'd another way :— 220
 What does my friend, my dear Placebo, say ?
 I say, quoth he, by Heav'n the man's to blame,
 To slander wives, and wedlock's holy name.
 At this the council rose, without delay ;
 Each in his own opinion went his way ; 225

260 JANUARY AND MAY.

With full consent, that, all disputes appeas'd,
The knight should marry, when and where he pleas'd.

Who now but January exults with joy ?

The charms of wedlock all his soul employ.

Each nymph by turns his wav'ring mind possess, 230

And reign'd the short-liv'd tyrant of his breast;

While fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively part,

And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.

Thus, in some public Forum fix'd on high,

A mirror shows the figures moving by ; 235

Still one by one, in swift succession, pass

The gliding shadows o'er the polish'd glass.

This Lady's charms the nicest could not blame,

But vile suspicions had aspers'd her fame;

That was with sense, but not with virtue, blest ;

And one had grace, that wanted all the rest. 241

Thus doubting long what nymph he should obey,

He fix'd at last upon the youthful May.

Her faults he knew not, Love is always blind,

But ev'ry charm revolv'd within his mind : 245

Her tender age, her form divinely fair,

Her easy motion, her attractive air,

Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,

Her moving softness, and majestic grace.

Much in his prudence did our Knight rejoice, 250

And thought no mortal could dispute his choice :

Once more in haste he summon'd ev'ry friend,

And told them all, their pains were at an end.

Heav'n, that (said he) inspir'd me first to wed,

Provides a consort worthy of my bed : 255

Let none oppose th' election, since on this

Depends my quiet, and my future bliss.

A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,

Young, beauteous, artless, innocent, and wise ;

Chaste, tho' not rich ; and, tho' not nobly born,
Of honest parents, and may serve my turn. 261

Her will I wed, if gracious Heav'n so please ;
To pass my age in sanctity and ease :
And thank the pow'rs, I may possess alone
The lovely prize, and share my bliss with none! 265
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
My joys are full, my happiness is sure.

One only doubt remains : full oft I've heard,
By casuists grave, and deep divines averr'd,
That 'tis too much for human race to know 270
The bliss of heav'n above, and earth below.

Now should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,
To match the blessings of the future state,
Those endless joys were ill exchange'd for these ;
Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease. 275

This Justin heard, nor could his spleen controul,
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the soul.
Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all your dread,
Heav'n put it past your doubt, whene'er you wed ;
And to my fervent pray'rs so far consent, 280
That ere the rites are o'er, you may repent !

Good Heav'n, no doubt, the nuptial state approves,
Since it chastises still what best it loves.

Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to despair ;
Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair,
One that may do your business to a hair ;
Not ev'n in wish your happiness delay, 287

But prove the scourge to lash you on your way :
Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,
Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow! 290

Provided still, you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleasures all your might employ ;

Let Reason's rule your strong desires abate,
 Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.
 Old wives there are, of judgment most acute, 295
 Who solve these questions beyond all dispute;
 Consult with those, and be of better chear;
 Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear.

So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd;
 The match was offer'd, the proposals made. 300
 The parents you may think would soon comply;
 The Old have int'rest ever in their eye.
 Nor was it hard to move the Lady's mind;
 When fortune favours, still the Fair are kind.

I pass each previous settlement and deed, 305
 Too long for me to write, or you to read;
 Nor will with quaint impertinence display
 The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
 The time approach'd, to Church the parties went,
 At once with carnal and devout intent: 310
 Forth came the Priest, and bade th' obedient wife
 Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life:
 Then pray'd the Pow'rs the fruitful bed to bless,
 And made all sure enough with holiness. 314

And now the palace-gates are open'd wide,
 The guests appear in order, side by side,
 And, plac'd in state, the bridegroom and the bride. }
 The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,
 And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound;
 The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring, 320
 These touch the vocal stops, and those the trembling
 string.

Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,
 Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire,
 Nor fierce Theodamas, whose sprightly train. 324
 Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial train.

Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace,
 (So Poets sing) was present on the place:
 And lovely Venus, Goddess of delight,
 Shook high her flaming torch in open sight,
 And danc'd around, and smil'd on ev'ry Knight: }
 Pleas'd her best servant would his courage try, 331
 No less in wedlock, than in liberty.

Full many an age old Hymen had not spy'd
 So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.
 Ye bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng 335
 For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song;
 Think not your softest numbers can display
 The matchless glories of this blissful day:
 The joys are such as far transcend your rage,
 When tender youth has wedded stooping age. 340

The beauteous dame sat smiling at the board,
 And darted am'rous glances at her Lord.
 Not Hester's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,
 E'er look'd so lovely on her Persian King:
 Bright as the rising sun, in summer's day, 345
 And fresh and blooming as the month of May!
 The joyful Knight survey'd her by his side,
 Nor envy'd Paris with the Spartan bride:
 Still as his mind revolv'd with vast delight
 Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night, 350
 Restless he sat, invoking ev'ry Pow'r
 To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.
 Mean-time the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,
 And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went round.
 With od'rous spices they perfum'd the place, 355
 And mirth and pleasure shone in ev'ry face.

Damian alone, of all the menial train,
 Sad in the midst of triumph, sigh'd for pain;

Damian alone, the Knight's obsequious squire,
Consum'd at heart, and fed a secret fire.

363

His lovely Mistress all his soul possess'd,
He look'd, he languish'd, and could take no rest:
His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,
Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day.
There let him ly; till his relenting dame
Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.

365

The weary sun, as learned Poets write,
Forsook th' Horizon, and roll'd down the light;
While glitt'ring stars his absent beams supply,
And night's dark mantle overspread the sky.
'Then rose the guests, and as the time requir'd,
Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.

370

The foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t' undress,
So keen he was, and eager to possess:
But first thought fit th' assistance to receive,
Which grave Physicians scruple not to give;
Satyrion near, with hot Eringo's stood,
Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,
Whose use old Bards describe in luscious rhymes,
And Critics learn'd explain to modern times.

375

380

By this the sheets were spread, the bride undress'd,
The room was sprinkled, and the bed was bless'd.
What next ensu'd beseems not me to say;
'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so light,
As all were nothing he had done by night;
And sip'd his cordial as he sat upright.
He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,
And feebly sung a lusty roundelay:
'Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast;
For ev'ry labour must have rest at last.

384

390

But anxious cares the pensive Squire oppress,
 Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast;
 The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,
 He wanted art to hide, and means to tell: 395
 Yet hoping time th' occasion might betray,
 Compos'd a sonnet to the lovely May;
 Which, writ and folded with the nicest art,
 He wrapp'd in silk, and laid upon his heart.

When now the fourth revolving day was run, 400
 ('Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the sun),
 Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride;
 The good old Knight mov'd slowly by her side.
 High mass was sung; they feasted in the hall;
 The servants round stood ready at their call. 405
 The Squire alone was absent from the board,
 And much his sickness griev'd his worthy Lord,
 Who pray'd his spouse, attended with her train,
 To visit Damian, and divert his pain.

Th' obliging dames obey'd with one consent; 410
 They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
 The female tribe surround him as he lay,
 And close beside him sat the gently May;
 Where, as she try'd his pulse, he softly drew
 A heaving sigh, and cast a mournful view! 415
 Then gave his bill, and brib'd the pow'rs divine,
 With secret vows, to favour his design.

Who studies now but discontented May?
 On her soft couch uneasily she lay:
 The lumpish husband snor'd away the night, 420
 'Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light.
 What then he did, I'll not presume to tell,
 Nor if she thought herself in heav'n or hell:
 Honest and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
 Till the bell toll'd, and all arose to pray. 425

Were it by forceful destiny decreed,
 Or did from Chance, or Nature's pow'r proceed;

Or that some star, with aspect kind to love,
 Shed its selectest influence from above;
 Whatever was the cause, the tender dame
 Felt the first motions of an infant flame :
 Receiv'd th' impressions of the love-sick Squire,
 And wasted in the soft infectious fire.

439

Ye fair, draw near, let May's example move
 Your gentle minds to pity those who love !
 Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been found,
 The poor adorer sure had hang'd, or drown'd :
 But she, your sex's mirror, free from pride,
 Was much too meek to prove a homicide.

435

But to my tale : Some sages have defin'd
 Pleasure the sov'reign bliss of humankind :
 Our Knight (who studied much, we may suppose)
 Deriv'd his high philosophy from those ;
 For, like a prince, he bore the vast expence
 Of lavish pomp, and proud magnificence :
 His house was stately, his retinue gay,
 Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
 His spacious garden made to yield to none,
 Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone ;
 Priapus could not half describe the grace
 (Tho' God of gardens) of this charming place :
 A place to tire the rambling wits of France
 In long descriptions, and exceed Romance ;
 Enough to shame the gentlest Bard that sings
 Of painted meadows, and of purling springs.

440

445

450

455

Full in the centre of the flow'ry ground
 A crystal fountain spreads its streams around,
 The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd :
 About this spring (if ancient Fame say true)
 The dapper Elves their moon-light sports pursue ;
 Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
 In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
 While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,
 And airy music warbled thro' the shade.

461

JANUARY AND MAY. 267

Hither the noble Knight would oft repair, 465
 (His scene of pleasure and peculiar care);
 For this he held it dear, and always bore
 The silver key that lock'd the garden-door.
 To this sweet place, in summer's sultry heat,
 He us'd from noise and bus'ness to retreat; 470
 And here in dalliance spend the live-long day,
Solus cum sola, with his sprightly May.

For, whate'er work was undischarg'd a-bed,
 The duteous Knight in this fair garden sped.

But ah! what mortal lives of bliss secure? 475
 How short a space our worldly joys endure!
 O Fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous kind,
 But faithless still, and wav'ring as the wind!
 O painted monster, form'd mankind to cheat,
 With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit! 480
 This rich, this am'rous, venerable knight,
 Amidst his ease, his solace, and delight,
 Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,
 And calls on death, the wretch's last relief.

The rage of jealousy then seiz'd his mind, 485
 For much he fear'd the faith of womankind.
 His wife not suffer'd from his side to stray,
 Was captive kept, he watch'd her night and day, }
 Abridg'd her pleasures, and confin'd her sway. }
 Full oft in tears did hapless May complain, 490
 And sigh'd full oft; but sigh'd and wept in vain:
 She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye;
 For oh, 'twas fix'd she must possess or die!
 Nor less impatience vex'd her am'rous Squire,
 Wild with delay, and burning with desire. 495
 Watch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain
 By secret writing to disclose his pain:
 The dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,
 Till both were conscious what each other meant.

Ah! gentle knight, what would thy eyes avail, 500
 'Tho' they could see as far as ships can sail?
 'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
 Than be deluded when a man can see!

Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
 Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes: 505
 So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,
 Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.

The dame at last, by diligence and care,
 Procur'd the key her Knight was wont to bear:
 She took the wards in wax before the fire, 510
 And gave th' impression to the trusty Squire.
 By means of this, some wonder shall appear,
 Which, in due place and season, you shall hear.

Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
 What flight is that, which love will not explore? 515
 And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show
 The feats true lovers, when they list, can do:
 'Tho' watch'd and captive, yet in spite of all,
 They found the art of kissing thro' a wall.

But now no longer from our tale to stray; 520
 It happ'd, that once upon a summer's day,
 Our rev'rend Knight was urg'd to am'rous play;
 He rais'd his spouse ere Matin-bell was rung,
 And thus his morning canticle he sung.

Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes; 525
 Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady, rise!
 Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,
 And in soft murmers tell the trees their pain;
 'The winter's past; the clouds and tempests fly;
 'The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky.
 Fair without spot, whose ev'ry charming part 531
 My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart:
 Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,
 Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.

JANUARY AND MAY. 269

This heard, to Damian straight a sign she made, 535
To haste before; the gentle Squire obey'd :
Secret, and undescry'd, he took his way,
And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.

It was not long ere January came,
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame; 540
Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.

Here let us walk, he said, observ'd by none,
Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown :
So may my soul have joy, as thou, my wife, 545
Art far the dearest solace of my life ;
And rather would I chuse, by Heav'n above,
To die this instant, than to lose thy love.
Reflect what truth was in my passion shewn,
When unendow'd I took thee for my own, 550 }
And sought no treasure but thy heart alone.
Old as I am, and now depriv'd of sight, }
Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true Knight, }
Nor age, nor blindness rob me of delight.
Each other loss with patience I can bear, 555
The loss of thee is what I only fear.

Consider then, my lady, and my wife,
The solid comforts of a virtuous life.
As first, the love of Christ himself you gain ;
Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain; 560
And, lastly, that which sure your mind must move,
My whole estate shall gratify your love :
Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's sun
Displays his light, by Heav'n it shall be done.
I seal the contract with a holy kiss, 565
And will perform, by this—my dear, and this —
Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy Lord unkind ;
'Tis love, not jealousy, that fires my mind.
For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,
And join'd to them my own unequal age, 570

From thy dear side I have no pow'r to part,
Such secret transports warm my melting heart.
For who that once possess'd those heav'nly charms,
Could live one moment absent from thy arms?

He ceas'd, and May with modest grace reply'd; 575
(Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cry'd:)
Heav'n knows (with that a tender sigh she drew)
I have a soul to save as well as you;
And, what no less you to my charge commend,
My dearest honour, will to death defend. 580
To you in holy Church I gave my hand,
And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band:
Yet after this, if you distrust my care,

Then hear, my Lord, and witness what I swear:

First may the yawning earth her bosom rend, 585
And let me hence to hell alive descend;
Or die the death I dread no less than hell,
Sew'd in a sack, and plung'd into a well;
Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,
Or once renounce the honour of my race. 590
For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came;
I loath a whore, and startle at the name.
But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from thence their ladies to suspect:
Else why these needless cautions, Sir, to me? 595
These doubts and fears of female constancy?
This chime still rings in ev'ry lady's ear,
The only strain a wife must hope to hear.

Thus while she spoke a sidelong glance she cast,
Where Damian kneeling, worship'd as she past. 600
She saw him watch the motions of her eye,
And singled out a pear-tree planted nigh:
'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly show,
And hung with dangling pears was ev'ry bough.
Thither th' obsequious Squire address'd his pace, 605
And climbing, in the summit took his place;

The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in view,
Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue.

'Twas now the season when the glorious sun
His heav'nly progress thro' the Twins had run; 610
And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,
To glad the glebe, and paint the flow'ry fields.
Clear was the day, and Phœbus, rising bright,
Had streak'd the azure firmament with light; 614
He pierc'd the glitt'ring clouds with golden streams,
And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.

It so befel, in that fair morning-tide,
The Fairies sported on the garden-side, }
And in the midst their Monarch and his Bride. }
So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round, 620
The knights so nimbly o'er the greensword bound, }
That scarce they bent the flow'rs, or touch'd the }
ground.

The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daisies search'd the flow'ry plain;
While on a bank reclin'd of rising green, 625
Thus, with a frown, the King bespoke his Queen.

'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The treachery you women use to man:
A thousand authors have this truth made out,
And sad experience leaves no room for doubt. 630

Heav'n rest thy spirit, noble Solomon,
A wiser monarch never saw the sun:
All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree
Of earthly bliss, was well bestow'd on thee!
For sagely hast thou said, Of all mankind, 635
One only just, and righteous, hope to find;
But should thou search the spacious world around,
Yet one good woman is not to be found.

Thus says the King who knew your wickedness;
The son of Sirach testifies no less. 740
So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or some devouring plague consume you all;

As well you view the leacher in the tree,
 And well this honourable Knight you see :
 But since he's blind and old (a helpless case) 645
 His Squire shall cuckold him before your face.

Now by my own dread majesty I swear,
 And by this awful sceptre which I bear,
 No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,
 That in my presence offers such a wrong. 650
 I will this instant undeceive the Knight,
 And in the very act restore his sight :
 And set the strumpet here in open view,
 A warning to these Ladies, and to you,
 And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true.

And will you so, reply'd the Queen, indeed? 656
 Now, by my mother's soul it is decreed,
 She shall not want an answer at her need.
 For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
 And all the sex in each succeeding age ; 660
 Art shall be theirs to varnish an offence,
 And fortify their crimes with confidence.
 Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,
 Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place;
 All they shall need is to protest and swear, 665
 Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear :
 Till their wise husbands, gull'd by arts like these,
 Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.

What tho' this slanderous Jew, this Solomon,
 Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one?
 The wiser wits of later times declare, 671
 How constant, chaste, and virtuous women are :
 Witness the martyrs, who resign'd their breath,
 Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death ;
 And witness next what Roman authors tell, 675
 How Arria, Porcia, and Lucretia fell.

But since the sacred leaves to all are free,
 And men interpret texts, why should not we ?

By this no more was meant, than to have shown,
That sov'reign goodness dwells in him alone, 680 }
Who only Is, and is but only One.

But grant the worst ; shall women then be weigh'd
By ev'ry word that Solomon has said ?
What tho' this King (as ancient story boasts)
Built a fair Temple to the Lord of Hosts ? 685
He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,

And did as much for idol gods, or more.
Beware what lavish praises you confer
On a rank leacher and idolater ;
Whose reign indulgent God, says holy writ, 690
Did but for David's righteous sake permit ;
David, the monarch after Heav'n's own mind,
Who lov'd our sex, and honour'd all our kind.

Well, I'm a woman, and as such must speak :
Silence would swell me, and my heart would break.
Know then, I scorn your dull authorities, 696
Your idle wits, and all their learned lies.

By Heav'n those authors are our sex's foes,
Whom, in our right, I must, and will oppose.

Nay, (quoth the King), dear Madam, be not wroth ;
I yield it up ; but since I gave my oath, 701
That this much-injur'd Knight again should see,
It must be done—I am a King, said he,
And one, whose faith has ever sacred been.

And so has mine (she said)—I am a Queen : 705
Her answer she shall have, I undertake ;
And thus an end of all dispute I make.
Try when you list ; and you shall find, my Lord,
It is not in our sex to break our word.

We leave them here in this heroic strain, 710
And to the Knight our story turns again :
Who in the garden, with his lovely May,
Sung merrier than the Cuckow or the Jay :

This was his song ; " Oh kind and constant be,
 " Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee." 715

Thus singing as he went, at last he drew
 By easy steps, to where the pear-tree grew :
 The longing dame look'd up, and spy'd her Love
 Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.
 She stopp'd, and sighing ; Oh good Gods ! she cry'd,
 What pangs, what sudden shoots distend my side ? 721
 O for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green ;
 Help, for the love of Heav'n's immortal Queen !
 Help, dearest Lord, and save at once the life
 Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife ! 725

Sore sigh'd the Knight to hear his Lady's cry,
 But could not climb, and had no servant nigh :
 Old as he was, and void of eye-sight too ;
 What could, alas ! a helpless husband do ?
 And must I languish then, she said, and die ? 730
 Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye ?
 At least, kind Sir, for Charity's sweet sake,
 Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take ;
 Then from your back I might ascend the tree ;
 Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me. 735

With all my soul, he thus reply'd again,
 I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain.
 With that, his back against the trunk he bent,
 She sei'd a twig, and up the tree she went.

Now, prove your patience, gentle ladies all ! 740
 Nor let on me your heavy anger fall :
 'Tis truth I tell, tho' not in phrase refin'd ;
 Tho' blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.
 What feats the Lady in the tree might do,
 I pass, as gambols never known to you ; 745
 But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore,
 Than in her life she ever felt before.

In that nice moment, lo ! the wond'ring Knight
 Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden sight.

Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent, 750

As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent;

But when he saw his bosom-wife so dress'd,

His rage was such as cannot be express'd :

Not frantic mothers when their infants die,

With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky : 755

He cry'd, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair;

Death! hell! and furies! what dost thou do there?

What ails my Lord? the trembling dame reply'd;

I thought your patience had been better try'd :

Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind, 760

This my reward for having cur'd the blind?

Why was I taught to make my husband see,

By struggling with a Man upon a Tree?

Did I for this the pow'r of magic prove?

Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love! 765

If this be struggling, by this holy light,

'Tis struggling with a vengeance (quoth the knight.)

So Heav'n preserve the sight it has restor'd,

As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd;

Whor'd by my slave—perfidious wretch! may Hell

As surely seize thee, as I saw too well. 771

Guard me, good Angels! cry'd the gentle May,

Pray Heav'n this magic work the proper way!

Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you see,

You ne'er had us'd these killing words to me: 775

So help me, Fates, as 'tis no perfect sight,

But some faint glimm'ring of a doubtful light.

What I have said (quoth he) I must maintain,

For by th'immortal Pow'rs it seem'd too plain— 779

By all those Pow'rs, some frenzy seiz'd your mind,

(Reply'd the dame) are these the thanks I find?

Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind!

She said; a rising sigh express'd her woe,

The ready tears apace began to flow,

And, as they fell, she wip'd from either eye 785

The drops (for women, when they list, can cry.)

The Knight was touch'd, and in his looks appear'd
 Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he chear'd:
 Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er:
 Come down, and vex your tender heart no more: 798
 Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said,
 For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made:
 Let my repentance your forgiveness draw;
 By Heav'n, I swore but what I *thought* I saw.
 Ah my lov'd Lord! 'twas much unkind (she cry'd)
 On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride. 799
 But till your sight's establish'd, for a while,
 Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.
 'Thus when from sleep we first our eyes display,
 'The balls are wounded with the piercing ray, 800
 'The dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day. }
 So just recov'ring from the shades of night,
 Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light, }
 Strange fancies dance around, and skim before }
 your sight.

Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem; 805
 Heav'n knows how seldom things are what they seem!
 Consult your reason, and you soon shall find
 'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind:
 Jove ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,
 None judge so wrong as those who think amiss. 810

With that she leap'd into her Lord's embrace,
 With well-dissembled virtue in her face.
 He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
 Disturb'd with doubts and jealousies no more;
 Both, pleas'd and blest, renew'd their mutual vows,
 A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse. 816

Thus ends our tale, whose moral next to make,
 Let all wise husbands hence example take;
 And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,
 To be so well deluded by their wives. 820

THE
WIFE of BATH
HER
PROLOGUE.
FROM
CHAUCER.

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F R O M
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BEHOLD the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with rev'rence an experienc'd wife!
To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,
And think, for once, a woman tells you true.
In all these trials I have borne a part, 5
I was myself the scourge that caus'd the smart;
For, since fifteen, in triumph have I led
Five captive Husbands from the Church to bed.

Christ saw a wedding once, the Scripture says,
And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days; 10
Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,
No pious Christian ought to marry twice.

But let them read, and solve me, if they can,
The words address'd to the Samaritan:
Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd; 15
And sure the certain stint was ne'er defin'd.

"Encrease and multiply," was Heav'n's command,
And that's a text I clearly understand.
This too, "Let men their fires and mothers leave,
"And to their dearer wives for ever cleave." 20

More wives than one by Solomon were try'd,
Or else the wisest of mankind's bely'd,
I've had myself full many a merry fit;
And trust in Heav'n I may have many yet.

For when my transitory spouse, unkind,
 Shall die, and leave his woful wife behind,
 I'll take the next good Christian I can find.

Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,
 Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.
 'There's danger in assembling fire and tow;
 I grant 'em that, and what it means you know.
 'The same apostle too has elsewhere own'd,
 No precept for Virginity he found :
 'Tis but a counsel—and we women still
 Take which we like, the counsel, or our will.

I envy not their bliss, if he or she
 Think fit to live in perfect chastity;
 Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice;
 I, for a few slight spots, am not so nice.
 Heav'n calls us diff'rent ways, on these bestows
 One proper gift, another grants to those :
 Not ev'ry man's oblig'd to sell his store,
 And give up all his substance to the poor;
 Such as are perfect may, I can't deny;
 But, by your leaves, Divines, so am not I.

Full many a Saint, since first the world began,
 Liv'd an unspotted Maid, in spite of man :
 Let such (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
 And let us honest wives eat barley bread.
 For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by Heav'n,
 And use the copious talent it has giv'n :
 Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,
 And keep an equal reck'ning ev'ry night.
 His proper body is not his, but mine;
 For so said Paul, and Paul's a sound divine.
 Know then, of those five husbands I have had,
 Three were just tolerable, two were bad.

The three were old, but rich and fond beside,
 And toil'd most piteously to please their bride:
 But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine,
 The rest, without much loss, I could resign. 61
 Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to please,
 Yet had more Pleasure far than they had Ease.

Presents flow'd in apace: with show'rs of gold
 They made their court, like Jupiter of old: 65
 If I but smil'd, a sudden youth they found,
 And a new palsy seiz'd them when I frown'd.

Ye sov'reign wives! give ear and understand,
 Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command;
 For never was it giv'n to mortal man, 70
 To lie so boldly as we women can:
 Forswear the fact, tho' seen with both his eyes,
 And call your maids to witness how he lies.

Hark, old Sir Paul! ('twas thus I us'd to say)
 Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay? 75
 Treated, carefs'd, where'er she's pleas'd to roam—
 I sit in tatters, and immur'd at home.

Why to her house dost thou so oft repair?
 Art thou so am'rous? and is she so fair?
 If I but see a cousin or a friend, 80
 Lord! how you swell, and rage like any fiend!
 But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,
 Then preach till midnight in your easy chair;
 Cry, wives are false, and ev'ry woman evil,
 And give up all that's female to the devil. 85

If poor (you say) she drains her husband's purse;
 If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse:
 If highly born, intolerably vain.
 Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain;
 Now gayly mad, now sourly splenetic, 90
 Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick.

If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,
 By pressing youth attack'd on ev'ry side :
 If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,
 Or else her wit some fool gallant procures, 95
 Or else she dances with becoming grace,
 Or shape excuses the defects of face.

There swims no goose so grey, but soon or late
 She finds some honest gander for her mate.

Horses (thou say'st) and asses men may try, 100
 And ring suspected vessels ere they buy :
 But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take,
 They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake :
 Then, nor till then, the veil's remov'd away,
 And all the woman glares in open day. 105

You tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,
 Your eyes must always languish on my face,
 Your tongue with constant flatt'ries feed my ear,
 And tag each sentence with, My life! my dear!
 If by strange chance a modest blush be rais'd, 110
 Be sure my fine complexion must be prais'd.
 My garments always must be new and gay,
 And feasts still kept upon my wedding-day.
 Then must my nurse be pleas'd, and fav'rite maid;
 And endless treats, and endless visits paid, 115
 To a long train of kindred, friends, allies;
 All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lies.

On Jenkin too you cast a squinting eye :
 What! can your 'prentice raise your jealousy?
 Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair, 120
 And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair.
 But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,
 I'd scorn your 'prentice, should you die to-morrow.

Why are thy chests all lock'd? on what design?
 Are not thy worldly goods and treasure mine? 125

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Sir, I'm no fool; nor shall you, by St John,
Have goods and body to yourself alone.

One you shall quit, in spite of both your eyes—

I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the spies.

If you had wit, you'd say, "Go where you will, 130

"Dear spouse, I credit not the tales they tell:

"Take all the freedoms of a married life;

"I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife."

Lord! when you have enough, what need you care
How merrily soever others fare? 135

Tho' all the day I give and take delight,

Doubt not, sufficient will be left at night.

'Tis but a just and rational desire,

To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.

There's danger too, you think, in rich array, 140

And none can long be modest that are gay.

The Cat, if you but singe her tabby skin,

The chimney keeps, and sits content within;

But once grown sleek, will from her corner run,

Sport with her tail, and wanton in the sun: 145

She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad,

To shew her fur, and to be catterwaw'd.

Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires

These three right ancient venerable fires.

I told 'em, Thus you say, and thus you do; 150

I told 'em false, but Jenkin swore 'twas true.

I, like a dog, could bite, as well as whine,

And first complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine.

I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours,

When their weak legs scarce dragg'd 'em out of doors;

And swore the rambles that I took by night, 156

Were all to spy what damsels they bedight.

That colour brought me many hours of mirth;

For all this wit is giv'n us from our birth.

184 THE WIFE OF BATH.

Heav'n gave to women the peculiar grace 164
 To spin, to weep, and cully human race.
 By this nice conduct, and this prudent course,
 By murm'ring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,
 I still prevail'd, and would be in the right,
 Or curtain lectures made a restless night. 165
 If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,
 What! so familiar with your spouse? I cry'd:
 I levied first a tax upon his need;
 Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed!
 Let all mankind this certain maxim hold; 170
 Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.
 With empty hands no tarsels you can lure,
 But fulsome love for gain we can endure;
 For gold we love the impotent and old, 174
 And heave, and pant, and kifs, and cling, for gold.
 Yet with embraces, curses oft I mix'd,
 Then kifs'd again, and chid, and rail'd betwixt.
 Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
 For not one word in man's arrears am I.
 To drop a dear dispute I was unable, 180
 Ev'n tho' the Pope himself had sat at table.
 But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke,
 " Billy, my dear, how sheepishly you look?
 " Approach, my spouse, and let me kifs thy cheek;
 " Thou should'st be always thus, resign'd and meek!
 " Of Job's great patience since so oft you preach, 186
 " Well should you practise, who so well can teach.
 " 'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,
 " But I, my dearest, will instruct you how.
 " Great is the blessing of a prudent wife, 190
 " Who puts a period to domestic strife.
 " One of us two must rule, and one obey;
 " And since in man right reason bears the sway,
 " Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way. }

" The wives of all my family have rul'd 195

" Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd.

" Fy, 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan;

" What! would you have me to yourself alone?

" Why, take me, Love! take all and ev'ry part!

" Here's your revenge! you love it at your heart.

" Would I vouchsafe to sell what Nature gave, 201

" You little think what custom I could have.

" But see! I'm all your own—nay hold—for shame!

" What means my dear?—indeed—you are to blame."

Thus with my first three Lords I past my life, 205

A very woman, and a very wife.

What sums from these old spouses I could raise,

Procur'd young husbands in my riper days:

Tho' past my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,

Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pie. 210

In country dances still I bore the bell,

And sung as sweet as ev'ning Philomel.

To clear my quail-pipe; and refresh my soul;

Full oft I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl;

Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,

And warm the swelling veins to feats of love: 216

For 'tis as sure as cold engenders hail,

A liq'rish mouth must have a lech'rous tail:

Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,

As all true gamesters by experience know. 220

But oh, good Gods! whene'er a thought I cast

On all the joys of youth and beauty past,

To find in pleasures I have had my part,

Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.

This wicked world was once my dear delight; 225

Now all my conquests, all my charms good night!

The flour consum'd, the best that now I can,

Is e'en to make my market of the bran.

My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true;
 He kept, 'twas thought, a private Mifs or two : 230
 But all that score I paid.—As how? you'll say;
 Not with my body, in a filthy way;
 But I so drefs'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd,
 And view'd a friend with eyes so very kind,
 As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry, 235
 With burning rage and frantic jealousy.
 His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
 For here on earth I was his Purgatory.
 Oft, when his shoe the most severely wrung,
 He put on careless airs, and sat and sung. 240
 How sore I gall'd him, only Heav'n could know,
 And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.
 He dy'd when last from pilgrimage I came,
 With other gossips, from Jerusalem;
 And now lyes buried underneath a Rood, 245
 Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood :
 A tomb, indeed, with fewer sculptures grac'd,
 Than that Mausolus' pious widow plac'd,
 Or where inshrin'd the great Darius lay;
 But cost on graves is merely thrown away. 250
 The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
 So bless the good man's soul, I say no more.

Now for my fifth lov'd Lord, the last and best;
 (Kind Heav'n afford him everlasting rest!)
 Full hearty was his love, and I can shew 255
 The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
 Yet, with a knack, my heart he could have won,
 While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.
 How quaint an appetite in women reigns!
 Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains :
 Let men avoid us, and on them we leap; 260
 A glutted market makes provision cheap.

THE WIFE OF BATH. 287

In pure good-will I took this jovial spark,
 Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.
 He boarded with a widow in the town, 265
 A trusty gossip, one dame Alifon.
 Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
 Better than e'er our parish-priest could do.
 To her I told whatever could befall:
 Had but my husband pifs'd against a wall, 270
 Or done a thing that might have cost his life,
 She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
 Had known it all: what most he would conceal,
 To these I made no scruple to reveal.
 Oft has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame, 275
 That e'er he told a secret to his dame,
 It so befel, in holy time of Lent,
 That of a day I to this gossip went;
 (My husband, thank my stars, was out of town;)
 From house to house we rambled up and down, 280
 This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Alse,
 To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales.
 Visits to ev'ry Church we daily paid,
 And march'd in ev'ry holy Masquerade,
 The Stations duly, and the Vigils kept; 285
 Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.
 At sermons too I shone in scarlet gay;
 The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array;
 The cause was this, I wore it ev'ry day. }
 'Twas when fresh May her early blossom yields, 290
 This Clerk and I were walking in the fields.
 We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,
 I pawn'd my honour and engag'd my vow,
 If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
 That he, and only he, should serve my turn. 295

We straight struck hands, the bargain was agreed;
 I still have shifts against a time of need:
 The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
 Can never be a mouse of any soul.

I vow'd, I scarce could sleep since first I knew him,
 And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him;
 If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone,
 And dreams foretell, as learned men have shown. }
 All this I said; but dreams, sirs, I had none: }
 I follow'd but my crafty Crony's lore, 305
 Who bid me tell this lie—and twenty more.

Thus day by day, and month by month we past;
 It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last.
 I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,
 And beat my breast, as wretched widows—must. 310
 Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
 To hide the flood of Tears I did—not shed.
 The good man's coffin to the Church was borne;
 Around, the neighbours, and my Clerk too mourn.
 But as he march'd, good Gods! he show'd a pair 315
 Of legs and feet, so clean, so strong, so fair!
 Of twenty winters age he seem'd to be;
 I (to say truth) was twenty more than he;
 But vig'rous still, a lively buxom dame;
 And had a wond'rous gift to quench a flame. 320
 A Conj'rer once, that deeply could divine,
 Assur'd me, Mars in Taurus was my sign.
 As the stars order'd, such my life has been:
 Alas, alas, that ever love was sin!
 Fair Venus gave me fire, and sprightly grace, 325
 And Mars assurance, and a dauntless face.
 By virtue of this pow'rful constellation,
 I follow'd always my own inclination.

But to my tale : A month scarce pass'd away,
 With dance and song we kept the nuptial day. 330
 All I possess'd I gave to his command,
 My goods and chattels, money, house, and land :
 But oft repented, and repent it still :
 He prov'd a rebel to my sov'reign will :
 Nay once, by Heav'n, he struck me on the face ! 335
 Hear but the fact, and judge yourselves the case.

Stubborn as any Lioness was I ;
 And knew full well to raise my voice on high ;
 As true a rambler as I was before,
 And would be so, in spite of all he swore. 340
 He against this right sagely would advise,
 And old examples set before my eyes ;
 Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
 Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife ;
 And close the sermon, as besem'd his wit, 345
 With some grave sentence out of Holy Writ.
 Oft would he say, who builds his house on sands,
 Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands,
 Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
 Deserves a fool's-cap and long ears at home. 350
 All this avail'd not ; for whoe'er he be
 That tells my faults, I hate him mortally ;
 And so do numbers more I'll boldly say,
 Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.

My spouse (who was, you know, to learning bred)
 A certain Treatise oft at ev'ning read, 356
 Where divers Authors (whom the dev'l confound
 For all their lies) were in one volume bound :
 Valerius, whole ; and of St. Jerome, part ;
 Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art, 360
 Solomon's Proverbs, Eloisa's Loves ;
 And many more than sure the Church approves.

More legends were there here, of wicked wives,
 Than good, in all the Bible and Saints-lives.
 Who drew the Lion vanquish'd? 'Twas a Man. 365
 But could we women write as scholars can,
 Men should stand mark'd with far more wickedness,
 Than all the sons of Adam could redress.
 Love seldom haunts the breast where Learning lyes,
 And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise. 370
 Those play the scholars, who can't play the men,
 And use that weapon which they have, their pen:
 When old, and past the relish of delight,
 Then down they sit, and in their dotage write,
 That not one woman keeps her marriage-vow. 375
 ('This by the way, but to my purpose now.)

It chanc'd my husband, on a winter's night,
 Read in this Book, aloud, with strange delight,
 How the first female (as the Scriptures show)
 Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe. 380
 How Samson fell; and he whom Dejanire
 Wrap'd in th' envenom'd shirt, and set on fire.
 How curs'd Eryphile her lord betray'd,
 And the dire ambush Clytemnestra laid.
 But what most pleas'd him was the Gretan Dame 385
 And Husband-bull—oh monstrous, fie for shame!

He had by heart the whole detail of woe
 Xantippe made her good man undergo;
 How oft she scolded in a day he knew,
 How many piss-pots on the sage he threw; 390
 Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head;
 "Rain follows thunder," that was all he said.

He read, how Arius to his friend complain'd,
 A fatal Tree was growing in his land,
 On which three wives successively had twin'd 395
 A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.

Where grows this plant (reply'd the friend) oh where?
For better fruit did never orchard bear.

Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,
And in my garden planted shall it be. 400

Then how two wives their lords' destruction prove,
Thro' hatred one, and one thro' too much love;
That for her husband mix'd a pois'nous draught,
And this for lust an am'rous philtre bought;
The nimble juice soon seiz'd his giddy head, 405
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.

How some with swords their sleeping lords have slain,
And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,
And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion;
All this he read, and read with great devotion. 410

Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and
frown'd;

But when no end of these vile tales I found,
When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
And half the night was thus consum'd in vain;
Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore, 415
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.

With that my husband in a fury rose,
And down he settled me with hearty blows.
I groan'd, and lay extended on my side;
Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth (I cry'd) 420

Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace—
He wept, kind soul! and stoop'd to kiss my face;
I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,
Then sigh'd and cry'd, Adieu, my dear, adieu!

But after many a hearty struggle past, 425
I condescended to be pleas'd at last.

Soon as he said, My mistress and my wife,
Do what you list, the term of all your life;

I took to heart the merits of the cause,
And stood content to rule by wholesome laws; 430
Receiv'd the reins of absolute command,
With all the government of house and land,
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand.
As for the volume that revil'd the dames, 434
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.

Now Heav'n on all my husbands gone, bestow
Pleasures above, for tortures felt below:
That rest they wish'd for, grant them in the grave,
And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

